

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA-NORTH AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year. No. 34.

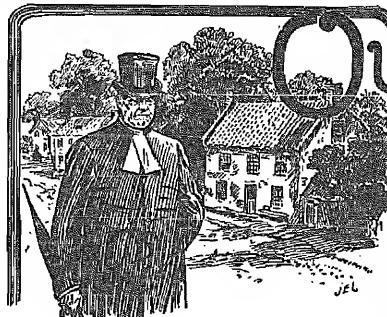
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.





Chapter VI.—In the Depths.

GAIN Jean put in sixty days in jail for an offence which was now no uncommon thing, and then she and a number of others low in sin and crime organized a gang for the purpose of thieving, with a woman for their head, whom they called the Queen. Jean bore the name of "Squirrel," given her by the police at the time of her arrest when she sought to hide her theft in body of the stuffed squirrel. She compromised with a hard, cruel wretch named "Mat Stringer." Two others, Bob Black and Tommiv Currie, completed their number. They banded themselves together to burglarize, or any kind of robbing. Sometimes one of their number would come up to a man from behind, and putting their arms around his neck, draw him back, so choking him to prevent him giving alarm, while at the same instant another would give him a cruel kick in the stomach, thus rendering him unconscious; then in another moment one of the women would search his pockets, and the party of them flee to a place of concealment. Jean's heart was always too tender to appreciate this kind of thing. She was terrified lest murder would result from it, and that was one sin she had a horror of, and as yet had not fallen into.

"Oh, don't kill him, don't kill him!" she wailed when one day this game was being played, and she walked up and down the street outside of the house where the gang were operating. She wrung her hands and screamed with terror.

Mat Stringer came out to her and threatened her, saying: "If you don't stop your infernal noise I'll kick you, you great fool."

His threat had its good effect, for she knew only too well how capable he was of carrying it out. He had left scars on her face before this through blows of one kind and another, for the gang had their troubles among themselves, when fights, hard and bloody, were the order of the day; yet they recognized one or two principles, or perhaps I had better say rules. One was that each woman be loyal to her particular "bloke." Another was that they remained loyal to the gang; they were bound by an oath never to reveal the name of any of their number if arrested and questioned by the authorities or representatives of the law.

But Jean was very, very unhappy during those days of revelry. When not hilarious with drink she was so lonely without the "bairns," and her tormenting conscience drove her nearly mad. Once she bought a bottle of poison, and when she supposed Stringer was asleep, she rose to take it. Raising the bottle to her lips she was about to swallow its contents when he jumped from the bed and gave her a wicked blow, which sent the bottle from her hand crashing across the room; but if he meant kindness in saving her from such a death, he never made it any the happier for her to live. Oh, how bitterly she hated him, and all men, especially married, for her experience with men had been with those who were false to their vows and cruelly neglected their wives. She bitterly assumed that all were so, and took pleasure in robbing them when opportunity presented itself, feeling that in some measure she was repaying them for their own sins.

The "gang" moved a few times from Glas-

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BY MRS STAFF-CAPT MOORE

gow to Edinburgh and back again, to avoid detection. When they were getting to be too well known to the police in both cities they disorganized after being banded about two years. Mat Stringer and Jean took a house at Campbell's Cross, Glasgow. They also rented another house close by and put into it two characters like themselves, and continued the thieving by which they got their living.

Jean had an opportunity one day of getting into a cab with a man and stealing his watch and purse, which contained a roll of bills and a bank cheque. Stringer was with her when she engaged to go and was angry, considering she was disloyal to him. However, as her motive was robbery, she went. The man was not too intoxicated to suspect her design, and he repeatedly changed his purse from one pocket to the other; but she was too skilful, and finally got possession of it. Just then the



A Brutal Method of Stealing.

cab stopped at the police station. In her surprise and hurry she tried to throw it from the window, but it was too late. Swiftly she drew the notes from the purse and hid them in her clothing, put the cheque back and slipped it again into his pocket, and she was arrested. She was sent to the lock-up for the time being, and in those days these prisoners were supplied with their board by their friends. Jean succeeded in baffling the Police Matron when searched. Her purpose now was to get the money outside the walls into Stringer's possession. This she accomplished by putting one or two bills at a time in the empty tea-pitcher and throwing in the eggshells over them, for Stringer kept up the practice of sending her boiled eggs. He wrote her notes and squeezing them into a tiny ball put them in a hole in the bread, replacing the bit of bread over it and spreading it thickly

with butter. In this way she passed the money out, and it was arranged for Jean to have a lawyer plead her case. The lawyer was neither honest nor truthful. He listened with much interest to Jean's story, and then said, laughing:

"Why didn't you throw the purse away?"
"I hadn't time, when I saw we were stopping," Jean replied.

"Then say you didn't mean to keep it, and you put it back in his pocket. I'll get you off all right," and so he did. She was soon released.

On her return home she found, as was usually the case, the money was all squandered. Stringer and the two occupying the other house had had a drunken jubilee until the money was all gone.

On the following day, as Jean busied herself straightening up somewhat their miserable room, she was startled to hear a knock at the door. On opening it two city missionaries introduced themselves. Evidently they knew the evil reputation of her house, for Jean observed that one of them was ill at ease and nervous. They took the chair Jean offered and spoke of spiritual things for a few moments. They gave her a card with the address of their hall, which was situated close by. Jean promised she would attend—a promise which she never kept. Then leaving her a tract they prayed with her and took their leave. As the door closed upon them Jean threw herself on the wretched bed and gave herself up to convulsive weeping. Oh,

how miserable she was, how desolate and wretched, how unloved and lonely! Memories of the past came sweeping over her. Again she saw the faces of her father, her Sunday School teacher, the minister. What opportunities she had enjoyed; how different her life might have been.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, 'It might have been.'"

The shadows of evening stole across the room ere she regained her composure and Stringer returned. She succeeded in hiding from him the fact of her weeping, and the engagement of the evening, the plundering of a house, was adhered to, else she might have been found occupying a seat in the mission, and so again it seemed as though the Holy Spirit was thwarted; but not so, her heart was sick of sin, and she resolved that afternoon that she would escape from the toils of Mat Stringer. Though the missionaries did not see her at their meeting that night, it was certain they had increased her dissatisfaction with her present state and hastened her separation from the wilyan whom she had lived, though as yet she had no way to earn her bread, save by the old, sinful method of stealing.

(To be continued.)

To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest or meanest, a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and, still more, into ourselves, suffering is requisite.—Richter.

The man who "lives his religion and says nothing about it," very soon finds that he has no religion worth talking about. No man can stay in business with Jesus Christ and refuse to testify, for the Lord has no silent partners.

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IN THE GLORY-LAND.

AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS AS A SALVATIONIST, BRIGADIER PICKERING LAYS DOWN THE SWORD FOR THE CROWN.

The fight at length is over,
He's fought the battle well;
His home will be for ever
The land where angels dwell.

Sudden the call, but at 5.30 Sunday evening, May 1st, Brigadier Pickering was ready to answer to his name. The Chief Secretary held the hand of the dying soldier, and other officers watched anxiously, knowing full well his sword would soon be laid down for the crown. His pain during the two weeks' illness had been very acute, and it was comforting to know that his end came peacefully, even as that of a child which sinks into slumber. But did he not leave any messages behind? you ask. Yes, many; because, strange though it may seem, when he left his office on Friday, April 15th, he said to his Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Cass, "I am very ill, I am going home to die." Being aware of the fact that his summons had come, he was constantly testifying to the fact that he had had him an ever-present and comforting Saviour. He had a "God bless you," for each of the many who got permission to hold his hand before the end. The Commissioner, on several occasions, found opportunity of conversing with the Brigadier, when the latter, with an active mind, was able to communicate his wishes concerning his wife and family, and witness to the joy of God's great salvation.

It is not possible for us to put into language the sorrow, or paint a word-picture of the grief-stricken faces which sought the house of Brigadier Pickering the last week, and speak of the hands which timidly knocked at the door of 115 Arthur Street, and of hushed voices which made enquiries concerning his condition from day to day. It was a foregone conclusion that his warfare was all but ended for several days before his death, and while the news of his promotion came as a crushing blow, and filled hundreds of eyes with tears in Toronto, the end was not unexpected.

We think we are perfectly correct in saying all the officers of the city and vicinity, beside many soldiers and friends, called at some time at the house of the Brigadier and tried to be of some help and comfort. But in addition to the Commissioner and Chief Secretary, who were constantly seeing him, there were several officers whose duty it was to be always near by or in the sick room, and who received his last messages. From these officers are given us the dying words of the Brigadier for our comfort and inspiration.

On one occasion when Staff-Capt. Cass went to his bedside the Staff-Captain was exceedingly moved to hear the Brigadier say, "Thank you for seeing that the two nurses were provided for me, and that my request was granted to not allow me to be taken from my own home to the hospital." He then lovingly gripped the hand of his Chancellor, with a few words of a personal character, as he bade him good-bye.

Lieut. Bigelow was acting in the capacity of stenographer to the Brigadier on his last tour, and since his arrival home has scarcely left the sick-chamber. When asked for a word or two, he tells us that "while alone with the Brigadier, holding his hand, last Sunday morning, he roused himself and said, 'My feet and legs are cold and getting stiff; I am dying.' I said to him, 'Brigadier, you have Jesus with you?' He opened his eyes and with a beautiful smile said, 'Yes, Jesus—blessed Jesus.' Again, when the nurse and myself were alone with him, and he would frequently put his hands to his head, I asked

him if his head ached. He answered, 'Yes.' I then remarked to him, 'There will be no pain in heaven.' 'No,' he said; and a moment later, 'I will see my Eva.'

Lieut. Colonel Pugmire, with Staff-Captain Page, Capt. Russell, and others, had sung a good many hymns, thus helping to light the valley. The Colonel had been a personal friend of the Brigadier for twelve years, and in his various appointments had been closely associated with him, especially under the command of the Field Commissioner. On the day he took seriously ill, he said to the Colonel, 'I am feeling very sick, and I must go home and rest up a little.' The Colonel was called to sit up with him a few nights after. It happened to be the night when Brigadier Pickering was impressed that he was going to die. On that occasion the sinking warrior remarked, "Pugmire, I believe I am going to grow worse. It is revealed to me."

The second Sunday morning dawned, after two weeks of pain. The Colonel, with others, was sitting by his bedside. Opening his eyes he said, "O Pugmire, I do love you." When repeating the incident could Lieut. Colonel Pugmire say other than, "I felt I loved him?"

Mrs. Pickering came into the room with her two darlings. "Dear wife," said the dying saint (referring to their eldest child, Eva, who had died fourteen months before), "I will bring Eva to the gates to meet you."

Capt. Cornish, who stayed night after night with the Brigadier during his last hours, states: "He called me by name to his bedside and told me he was going home to see Eva. I asked him several times, on different nights, if Jesus was precious to him. He replied, 'Yes, Jesus is precious.' On one occasion Ensign Bloss and I were speaking to each other quietly, and saying we did not know how people who were not saved could call upon God in such circumstances. The Brigadier overheard us. He opened his eyes and remarked, 'If I had not been right I could not now call upon God.' Several times on the last Friday night he lived he said to me, 'Jesus is precious to me.' The nurse asked him several times if he knew me, but he did not reply. I then questioned him, when he said, 'Oh, yes, Capt. Cornish, I know you. I am going to be with Jesus soon.'

Mrs. Gaskin, with her husband, was often in the sick room, the Colonel having known him for nineteen years, and was a personal friend, if not like a brother, to the Brigadier. From Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin we learn that on one occasion Brigadier Pickering opened his eyes and said, "Albert, meet me there." A little later he said, "I am going home." The Lieut.-Colonel tells us that a little group of officers had been singing—

"Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one; no, not one."

The dying soldier summoned up his waning strength and said the one word, "One!"

On the last Sunday morning he was on earth, a few hours before he breathed his last, Mrs. Pickering and the family were called into the room to receive his fatherly and husbandly benediction, and it was touching in the extreme to see the Brigadier make a fast effort to kiss his wife with the lips which had not met for at least sixty hours.

The Commissioner was away during the last moments, but an anxious enquiry came, and a message from her, which was read to the Brigadier in what appeared to be his last moments of consciousness, for like a child, with one hand in that of the Chief Secretary, the other in that of Lieut. Bigelow, Brigadier Pickering sank in a sweet sleep, with a smile upon his face, and it was the sleep of death. —M.

A Life Sketch.

The following particulars are from the pen of Brigadier Pickering, being a short account of his conversion and his life as a Salvation Army soldier and officer:

"Capt. George and Happy Sally are coming!" These singular words, painted in bold type, on flaming yellow paper, marked the turning-point in my life. This announcement preceded the advent of the S. A. into Yorkshire's seaport, Hull. With thousands of others, I visited the Army out of curiosity. At first the novelty of the whole thing appeared a rough joke, and for some time I attended Army meetings without any impression being made.

Through reading of books and contact with atheists, I gradually threw religion overboard; my scepticism was intensified by the glaring inconsistency of my employers in their business dealings, all the time being prominent church members.

However, the Army's advent, coupled with a godly mother's prayers, were speedily to make a change. My conversion was a striking one. I had gone to Holland for my summer holidays, and sitting gambling in a cafe in Rotterdam, one Friday night, about 10.30, suddenly heard a voice I had often heard before praying—"O God, save my boy!" I started, swung round in my chair, but the only onlooker was a Dutch waiter. I tried to drown the voice by plunging more madly into the game, but could not, and finally rushed from the building to the amazement of my friends.

A week later found me back in England, and the following Sunday night I knelt at the penitent form.

I became a soldier as far as circumstances would allow; my duties as a traveler took me over a wide field. While on a business trip I dropped into a barracks in Manchester, where a farewell meeting was in progress—the two first lasses from the corps were leaving to enter the T. H. One of them interested me.

Two years later, from this very corps, I entered the T. H. as a Cadet, and spent eight happy weeks under its roof, drinking in the many soul-inspiring truths enunciated there. My first appointment was as Secretary at the First Eastern Division. On my arrival at Headquarters the first thing that caught my eye was a motto:—

"Be Prepared for Difficulty, Darkness, and Seeming Defeat."

"We Pass Through These to Victory."

This has proved a stimulus to me through many a dark hour. Feeling the need of a thorough knowledge of field work, I asked for a field appointment, and after some time was appointed to open a new corps, Holbrook. Swifftown followed, being another new opening; then Glasgow, where a huge theatre was taken for a barracks. Dundee III., still another new opening, came next. Over 200 souls were saved there, and 150 marched in our ranks when we left for Kirkcaldy II., a fourth opening.

Riots and Bloodshed

were the order of things here, and through a riot a three months' illness followed.

Kendal was memorable by my marriage. From here we went to beautiful Boscombe, and spent six months in triumph. After Swindon I., where our chief work was in getting money for the Citadel, we went to Sunderland I., with its 500 soldiers and huge audience. During our stay here hundreds were saved, and we opened the magnificent Citadel, seating over 2,000 people. Nottingham I., our next appointment, was stiffer in many ways, although as many soldiers; but difficulties are made to overcome, and we had a lovely break. Luton I. (the Temple) came next. Through a clerical error we got there, instead of Northampton I., but it was all right. The Temple saw crowds of souls saved and the financial problem solved. At Doncaster Circuit we had a great physical struggle, which ended up in a breakdown of myself and wife. After a three months' furlough we received

THE WAR CRY.

orders for London, and were appointed to Holloway I. Garrison Corps, under our beloved Field Commissioner, where nine happy months were spent, 400 souls were saved, and 100 new soldiers enrolled; of those who came to the penitent form here, three are Staff Officers and several Field Officers to-day. Regent Hall was our next appointment. My pen fails to describe this corps; its huge hall gorged with people, its brass band—for out-and-out Salvationism and musical ability I have never met their equal—the Local Officers, too, were models of loyalty. We saw 650 souls saved and over 300 enrolled. From here we went to the Army's "Cathedral Corps"—Clapton Congress Hall—and there spent seven bright, happy, and successful months, saw the audience rise over 1,000 per week, nearly 1,000 souls were saved, and a large number added to the roll. We left this corps with \$100 in hand. This closed my field career.

I next was appointed to East London and Essex Division as D. O., and God marvelously set His seal on our efforts. Five corps and societies were opened. From there we took command of the North London Division. This Division was the largest for soldiership in the country. Then came the dividing up of London; the North Division was cut up into three parts, and we were then transferred to take command of the West. There again God set His seal upon our efforts; during our eight months' stay seven new corps and societies were opened, 1,200 soldiers enrolled, and our open-air attendances went up 1,000 per week.

* * *

Brigadier Pickering arrived from England on the 22nd of June, 1899, to take charge of the Eastern Province, which he successfully commanded for two years prior to his appointment as Provincial Officer to Central Ontario on the 19th of March, 1901. Since that time his efforts have been untiring. Constantly on the field he has been a great inspiration to his officers and soldiers, bringing cheer to their hearts, and his exceptional platform ability has always secured for him large crowds at the meetings he has conducted, and by his fitness bringing many into touch and sympathy with our work who doubtless would otherwise have been disinterested. "He is too hard on himself," is an expression we have heard often, when people have been referring to the devoted life of the Brigadier. "He killed himself with hard work," said a lassie-officer at the funeral. It has been near midnight often when the last call has been made from the Brigadier for sinners to come to Christ. Though suffering at times acutely from the disease which at last claimed his body as a victim, he has been extremely active, seldom spending an hour away from the pressing needs of his responsible position, and often wearying those of a more robust constitution who fought by his side. There is no question he would have preserved his life longer if he had not so spent his limited strength in the heat of the battle; but he was a warrior, truly saved to save others. His fight was a victorious one. God honored his labors, and there will be an arny rise up on the resurrection morn to bless the day that Brigadier Pickering so unreservedly and so self-sacrificingly used his brief life for the salvation of the sinner.

FOR ME.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry.
A man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His very tread,
Cross-laden, on He sped,
For me.

Pierced both His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noon tide heat,
For me.

In thought, and word, and deed,
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!

AUXILIARY COLUMN.

OUR FRIENDS.—(Continued.)

By Mrs. Blanche (Read) Johnston, Aux. Sec.

Said a gentleman in an important social gathering in a large city, where thoughtful men and women had met to consider how best to stem the fast swelling current of social impurity which courses through our Christian lands: "How much do you pay a dozen for making these?" holding a baby's garment in his hand. When he informed the crowd, who listened breathlessly for his announcement, that but a few cents were given as remuneration for the making of the articles, an electric feeling of indignation swept over the audience.

Underpaid industry is one of the reasons why many young woman go into lives of immorality. A poor young girl stood trembling outside a city hospital. The night shadows were quickly closing out the daylight, and a keen east wind seemed to be searching for all the nerves and fibres of her weak, fragile little body. A mist swam before her eyes, and her head seemed to reel as she tried to think. What to do? That was the question. Where to go? That problem found no solving in her confused brain. And baby!—she shuddered involuntarily as she pressed the little head closer. If it was not for baby she could go home, and no one would know of her sore temptation, her terrible fall. But father's name was disgraced, and mother's heart was broken. She dare not venture home. She looked about; no, she must not knock at any respectable house, everyone would spurn her with that badge of shame in her arms! Just then a woman, well-dressed, and with not an unkind voice, approached and accosted the frightened girl: "Come with me—I understand." The modern Fantine was too sick and sad to ask the conditions on which this woman would receive her under her roof. She went with her, and that day commenced a career upon which she never dreamed of entering when she first stepped aside from woman's high estate.

* * *

Where is the blame? Can we locate the guilt? Our civilization is governed by the holy law of Christ. Is it permeated by it? It is said that slavery has disappeared. This is a mistake, it still exists, but it has fallen upon woman. Society has bought a slave, by what process?

Every business method that makes rough the way for women's feet is guilty! Through the unholly rivalry of men in their greed for gold, there are employed in thousands of mercantile institutions in large cities, women

and children. For what reason? Simply the fact that they can be hired for less money. There is no reason why women, if competent, should not be permitted to enter any suitable avocation for making a living. But he it branded upon the brow of our modern civilization the shame, which is one of our crowning, consummate ignomies, that woman is often not paid the wages that she should receive, and that for a bit of bread she sacrifices her body and soul. Mournful bairns!

As long as society approves this, and patronizes the products of a woman's blood and virtue, let her not dare to stand by the fallen and say she is guiltless of their shame.

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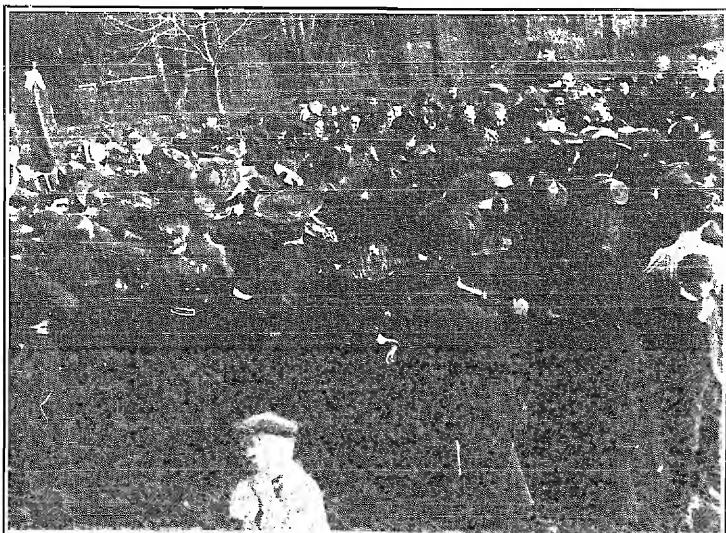
Every moral or social convention in virtue in which society makes it difficult, if not impossible, for a woman who has made a misstep to turn back, and so long as society approves and recognizes a double moral standard—one for women and one for men—she is helping to condemn women to a life-long bondage which is more cruel than the slave-driver's lash.

O reader, in the spirit of the pure Christ who knew of the surging temptation that had overwhelmed the poor erring one, who came with sorrow and repentance to His feet, let me say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, sin no more."

Again let me repeat, it is worth while to save them as the Army does—several thousand every year. I felt it so that day, some time ago, when a cultured, refined, and educated woman came to me, and with burning cheeks and convulsive weeping, poured out a story of disappointment, dishonor, and deception that made my heart bleed and the tears flow from my eyes. My voice choked as I answered her questions and spoke of hope for the repentant. "Ah, no," came the answer, "I am lost, lost, lost!" And then as my emotion prevented any immediate reply, she exclaimed, "Oh, kind friend, am I utterly lost?" "No," my response came fervently, as we knelt to pray, "not lost utterly so long as a Christian woman's heart and arms wait to love and shield you, and you are willing to renounce your sin, you are not lost."

SYMPATHY.

It is by this passion we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects, as he is affected.—Burke.



The Funeral Service of Brigadier Pickering at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.



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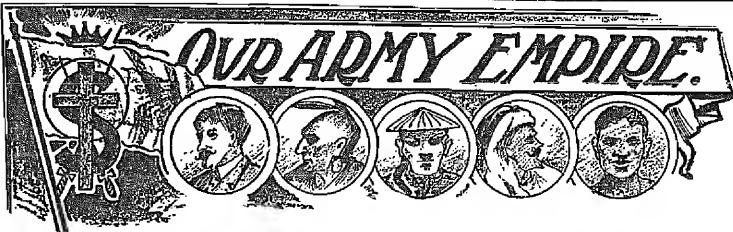
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**GREAT BRITAIN.**

One shilling a week in perpetuity has been bequeathed to the Salvation Army officers of Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire, England, by a local farmer and Churchman.

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Among the Candidates accepted by the National Council recently in England is an Austrian, who, in addition to his own language, speaks German, Danish, and English; an ex-infantryman who went through the South African war, and a sister-comrade from Alderney, Channel Isles. Another accepted Candidate has the unique experience of having been converted on the outside of the red tram that runs along Kingsland Road, London.

WEST INDIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch informs us that the spirit and intelligence of the West Indian officers are improving greatly. The class of Candidates for the Kingston Training Home, too, is far better than formerly. During the Colonel's twelve months' work in the West Indies there has been a rise in officers, Field and Local, soldiers and recruits, and the outlook generally he considers to be most promising.

Various properties have been secured which with greatly facilitate the Army's operations. A suitable barracks has been obtained at Barbados. Our own buildings, too, have been obtained at Philadelphia and British Guiana. The new Women's Industrial Home at Georgetown supplies an urgent need. The Naval and Military Home at the Port of Spain, Trinidad, is greatly appreciated by the Service men, and last, but not least, must be mentioned the acquisition of the new Headquarters, with its central hall, at Kingston.

Work has been started in the Island of Antigua, and several new corps have been opened elsewhere, including such centres as Kingston and Georgetown. The Social Institutions among the East Indian coolies on the sugar plantations at British Guiana are rendering excellent service for these natives, who have learnt to regard the officer in charge as a "Servant of the Poor."

HOLLAND.

A large and very suitable building has been secured in Amsterdam for the purpose of a Rescue Home.

♦ ♦ ♦

A man in Amsterdam, through excessive drinking, etc., had sunk as low as possible. In rags he wandered about without a shelter to his head until the police arrested him. He asked to be sent to the State Colony for Tramps at Veenhuizen. The Superintendent, however, decided to send him to the Army Shelter. There he found a Saviour and began a new life, which was demonstrated by his industry and good conduct. After staying a few months in the Shelter, he obtained a good situation; has since married, and is now doing very well indeed.

NORWAY.

Many of our officers in Norway cheerfully walk seven, eight, or more miles home after a meeting. At one corps, visited by Brigadier Lee not long since, the Lieutenant had walked from the outpost—seven miles—after the night meeting, reaching home at 12:45 in the morning. She was as happy as a lark the next day.

Mrs. Adj't. Wik and a comrade were driving to a Norwegian outpost recently, where they were announced for special meetings. The horse, after two hours, stood fast in the snow. It was impossible either to make headway or turn round. The driver and officers had to get out, and, waist deep in snow, help the horse round, after which they made tracks for home, arriving at 9:30 in the evening, after five hours' useless effort to reach their destination.

AUSTRALASIA.

Our Australian comrades, as becometh the representatives of a great work, and a young nation, are sending the cream of the Staff and Field Officers to the Congress in London. Commissioner McKie has exhibited his wonderful zest in arranging the party, and when seen and heard it will be pronounced a marvel.

In all, the number of the Australian party is forty-five. By the time they return to the banks of the Yara-Yara they will have unitedly traveled about 1,150,000 miles, or equal to forty times around the world! And yet, in



Mrs. Commissioner McKie.

round figures, \$5,000 will cover their traveling expenses.

Commissioner Thomas McKie heads the list, followed by Lieut.-Colonel Hoskin, Lieut.-Colonel Kyle, Editor-in-Chief. The State Commanders of Victoria (Lieut.-Colonel Unsworth) and New Zealand (Lieut.-Colonel Gilmour) will be heartily welcomed. In addition the following Departments will be represented: The Financial, the Cashiers, the Women's Social, the Men's Social, the Trade, the Field and Divisional Staff.

FINLAND.

Colonel Ogrum recently conducted a four days' campaign at Tammerfors, Finland. The new hall was dedicated, and there were 157 penitents at the mercy seat.

The following interesting letter has been received from Captain Gunn, of Baltimore, U.S.A.: "As a result of our sheltering the poor men after the fire, we had fourteen conversions. Even after they had got places to work at, and had left the hall, they came to the meetings and testified. We have great hopes of making soldiers of them. One of these men has a position now as an electrician, and another as foreman of one of our largest constructions. Another young man we are hoping will become an officer."



Commissioner McKie, in Command of Australasia.

The General.

Ever on the wing, our beloved General continues to have mighty salvation victories. He has been enthusiastically welcomed by prince, pauper, press, and public in Scandinavia. The mighty gatherings in Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania resulted in gorged buildings, and three hundred and twenty-seven souls at the mercy seat.

From a descriptive account of these magnificent meetings we cull the following tit-bit:

"Take one row alone. The tall gentleman with the grey hair and closely-cut beard, is a Prince of the Royal House of Sweden and Norway, renowned throughout the land—throughout many lands—for his piety and his interest in humanity. The lady next to him, who, throughout the General's address, keeps turning to her twelve-year-old son at her side to see whether the child understands all that is passing, is his wife, the Princess. The uniformed sister sitting next to this trio is a cook in the Prince's household, who, as soon as the prayer meeting begins, leaves her seat to do duty as a fisher."

Two hundred and fifty Swedish officers met the General for counsel in Stockholm, the privileged few being those who are stationed within easy access of the Centre.

The occasion of the General's visit to Copenhagen was the Seventeenth National Annual Congress, an event looked forward to for twelve months during every year.

All the officers of Denmark go up to Copenhagen to the Congress to hear the General, to receive blessing and help to their own souls and the work, and to renew their vows.

Local Officers and soldiers from all parts of that country of islands regard this series of gatherings with as much expectation as many of our more favored comrades in Canada, who come to our annual congress at Toronto.

A WIDER HORIZON.

It is good for a man to get beyond the horizon of his own neighborhood, and to learn—as the Germans say—that there are folks on the far side of the hills. The Jewish law provides for this by requiring the people to go on pilgrimage, once a year at least, to Jerusalem. There they met fresh faces, realized their partnership in the life of a nation, and got beyond the circle of parochial ideas. In modern religious and social methods we have nothing that works so effectively as this. Parochialism still afflicts some classes and some countries in spite of all the devices we have to thwart its influence. But it is well for a man at times to break the bounds of his horizon, and get among the strange folk who are his brethren, though they do not see with his eyes or hear with his ears. The great state and national gatherings, whether ecclesiastical or civil, have their educational use. They help a man to feel himself a member of something bigger than a neighborhood.



OUR SACRED CHARTER.

BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

12.—1 and 2 Thessalonians.

These epistles were addressed to a church in northern Greece, where Paul, on his second journey, had suffered persecution (Acts xvii. 1-10). Thessalonica (Saloniki), anciently called Therma, but re-named after the sister of Alexander the Great, by her husband, Cassander, who restored it, was the chief metropolis in Macedonia (a region extending north to the Danube, east to the Black Sea, west to the Adriatic, south to Achaea).

The most populous city of that division of Europe, and its greatest port, it was to the west what Ephesus was to the east, and Corinth to southern Greece.

Situated on the margin of the vast plain, watered by numerous rivers, half-way between the Adriatic and the Hellespont, at the entrance of the pass into Macedonian plains, a busy commercial centre, with a constant tide of traffic ebbing and flowing abroad by sea, inland by the two arms of Roman road, it was a fit centre of evangelization, as "from thence the word of the Lord sounded forth (as from a trumpet) not only in Macedonia and Achaea, but also in every place." (1 Thess. i. 8.)

Here was the chief colony and chief synagogue of the Jews (even at the present day Saloniki has a Jewish population of 80,000 souls).

Here Paul and Silas showed their unhealed stripes inflicted at Philippi (1 Thess. ii. 2), and for three Sabbaths preached Jesus as the promised Messiah (Acts xvii. 2-3). The Jews, failing in controversy, resorted to violence, set the city in an uproar, assailed Jason's house, where the apostle was staying, and dragged Jason before the rulers.

The First Epistle.—From the first epistle, written probably from Corinth, A.D. 52, we learn: The apostle's primary success and unflinching courage in preaching; not flattering, but warning; not self-asserting, but displaying a blameless example; entreating, exhorting, rebuking; his self-support by manual labor.

His converts were principally from idolatry (i. 9), but partly Jewish proselytes, some of whom were women of rank and influence (Acts xvii. 4).

The Second Epistle.—This epistle was probably written, like the former, from Corinth, after Paul received an answer to the first, to correct an erroneous impression gained from the vividness of his picture of the resurrection (viz., that it was near at hand) which led to a neglect of practical duties.

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

The Duties of Parents to Their Children.
(Continued.)

Parents must make their children obedient in the smallest matters.

They must watch over them in the most careful manner. Parents should be suspicious of all indecent and improper associations between children of the same or different sexes, and guard them accordingly.

Be very careful as to their companions. Better keep them too much indoors than let them associate with bad children. The companionship of one hour with a boy of dirty habits will curse your son for a lifetime, and such association with an impure girl will be almost as ruinous for your daughter. Warn your children of these evils, and put them on their guard in early life.

It is the duty of a soldier-parent to avoid everything in the way of dress, furniture, and house arrangements likely to lead the child in the way of the world.

It was never intended that the uniform of the Army should be worn by anyone who is unfit to be enrolled as a soldier or recruit; and there can be no greater mistake than for parents to dress their children in uniform when their conduct is such as brings discredit upon the Army.

It is entirely contrary to the principles and rules of the Army for children to speak or sing anything in public which implies that they are saved, unless they are truly converted, and are to the best of their knowledge expressing their own wishes and feelings by the words they use.

These things are quite as objectionable as it would be for a soldier to train his children to acts of formal worship instituted outside the Army. No soldier, for instance, would like his children to call themselves "miserable sinners" every day; but it is quite as injurious for them to be taught to say or sing that they are "blessedly saved" when they know nothing about it.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

HOLLAND.—(Continued.)

A new Slum Post has also been opened in Rotterdam, and has already done much good. The Rotterdam press have expressed their appreciation of this work.

For several years the building used as a Rescue Home has been too small to accommodate the growing number of applications for help. We have, therefore, secured a larger house, which was opened in October, and this provides room for eighteen girls, where formerly we could only take in ten.

She was a Bohemian young woman. Crushed in her self-respect, she decided to leave the land of her birth. She made her way to Holland, and reached The Hague to see the Queen of Holland. She had heard of Her Majesty, and the quiet, courageous hope filled her heart that the Queen would give her justice if she could only reach her.

But after arriving at The Hague she saw how little chance there was for a poor, friendless girl like herself to get into touch with the Queen, and she fell into wicked hands. What could she do without someone to help her? Was it any wonder she went astray? She found nothing, however, to satisfy the poor, disappointed heart, and finally decided to make an end of her life by drowning. At the edge of the water she was found by the police and brought to us.

Her face shows how thankful she is to be sheltered in one of our Homes. Is God's Providence not wonderful? May we not expect that she will meet One greater than the Queen—even the King of kings Himself?

Lena was also a respectable girl and had good situations. Friends enticed her to come to Amsterdam, and, deceived, she consented to sin and found herself in a house of shame. There she was found by our officers and brought to one of our Homes. For five months she distinguished herself by hard work and industry, and she was sent to a situation, where she is now giving every satisfaction. Her affection for her "Home" is most touching, and in her letters she always says she will never forget the time spent in the dear old spot.

X— was a commercial traveler, and had started business for himself. Getting mixed up with some bad friends, he began to live a loose life, which eventually brought him into difficulties. His relatives helped him from time to time, but as he could not—or would not—reform, they eventually left him severely alone. Finally he reached one of

our Shelters, where he was gladly taken in. Here he learned of a power greater than his own good resolutions—the power of God to save from sin. He became a new man. After spending several months in the Shelter, a situation was found him in an office, where he gave his employer every satisfaction. The Shelter Officer was also able to effect a reconciliation between X—and his relations, and he is once more in business for himself, and his life is a powerful testimony to the great change that has taken place in him.

At the Amsterdam Shelter M— made his appearance a year ago. At one time he occupied a good position in society, but through sin he sank deeper and deeper, until he committed a wrong which landed him in prison for several years.

On his discharge from jail he was very anxious to lead a different life, and wanted to be taken into our Discharged Prisoners' Home. As this building was not then quite ready he came to the Shelter, where he stayed for some time, and afterwards was employed by some of his relations.

He wrote to the Shelter Officer thanking God for the Army, and that he would never forget the love and kindness shown him.

These Social Storiettes show first the need of our Social Institutions spoken of, and second the work they are doing. And Hollanders are not slow to recognize and support a work so worthy of their admiration and sympathy.

The Tramp Bandsman.

When I tell you he always wore full uniform, was an excellent musician, and withal of a kindly disposition, you will naturally get a very good opinion of him. But of a truth he could sing, "No abiding place have I." When he arrived at Bothwell we thought we had secured a valuable addition to our band. We said to him, "Of course you will join the band." He immediately acquiesced, and the Sabbath after the Thursday night we spoke to him, he was playing E flat clarinet. He hadn't been with us more than a week before he said he was afraid he would have to leave our band because of his intention to go to another town to find work. We soon rallied round him and found him a decent situation, the Bandmaster and several of the bandsmen putting themselves to some inconvenience to get him "fixed up" comfortably, and were rewarded for their pains by seeing our new bandsman wear a smile and turn up regularly to practice and when the band played out. We were just enjoying his company when he told us he had quit work for more fertile fields of labor elsewhere, and told us of his intention to go "North." Of course we were not a little sorry at the news, but could do no other than wish him well, and thought surely he would be satisfied and of some permanent use to the war when he got work in another town.

I followed his life after that closely, and found that he could not settle down anywhere, and was more or less of a disappointment to any band, and he connected himself with many. To such as he I would recommend a sort of salvation brake, so that it could be applied to the limbs of bandsmen to allow them to at least remain long enough with a band to make their lives as bandsmen appreciated.

"Hard to settle down," I hear our brother exclaim. Of course it is, but what is worth doing demands from us some sacrifice, and lest the Kingdom should suffer we should place our services regularly at the Master's bidding. We may lack many things, have few talents, but in one respect we can all excell—being always at a useful post when wanted.

Young People's Page

Discoveries and Adventures.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.—1060-1100.

Part II.—(Continued.)

The Christians were taken by surprise, while exhausted with heat and fatigue, and in an unfortunate situation. In spite of the heroic valor of Bohemond, Robert, and other knights, the battle was lost. Against the wishes of Godfrey's division, to which a message had been despatched, the shout was shouted aloud the Crusaders' war cry: "It is God's will!" and the whole of the army, echoing the shout, by a gallant charge retrieved the fortunes of the day and completely routed the Turks. After this success the Crusaders resolved to march in a single body, and thus prevent a recurrence of the hazard which they had experienced.

The Turks proceeded them, burning the crops as they went, and the Christians, in consequence, suffered fearful privations from famine during the march. Hundreds perished from exhaustion. The horses died for want of sufficient food and water, and knights were seen either walking on foot, or riding on oxen and asses, carrying their own armor. In passing through Pisidia, an anecdote is related of Godfrey which is characteristic of his courage and gallantry.

He was wandering among the recesses of a forest in pursuit of game, which was needed for the supply of the troops, when he came upon a private soldier of the army, who was defending himself from the attack of a bear.

Godfrey struck at the bear, which once turned on its new assailant, inflicting a deep wound in his thigh. Another stroke from the skillful hunter's arm terminated the combat; but the blood streamed from his wound so rapidly that he scarcely reached the camp alive.

The tribe of Hittites was intent on way behind their belated leader stretched on a litter, and borne into the camp as if dead. The skill of his physicians and a long interval of rest triumphed over the weakness occasioned by the loss of blood, and Godfrey once more appeared at the head of his troops.

Antioch, the capital of Pisidia, attempted no resistance, and here the main body of the Christians recruited for some time. Meanwhile a party of Crusaders, headed by Baldwin, brother of Godfrey, and a famous knight named Tancred, had been sent forward to clear the passage for the army. Tancred subdued the city of Tarsus; but his victory was usurped by Baldwin, whose ambitious and covetous nature bore no resemblance to that of his brother. Tancred, a man after Godfrey's own heart, renounced this quest for the sake of peace; but when Baldwin showed symptoms of repeating his injustice, resented by force. Tancred was defeated, but a reconciliation took place between the combatants. Baldwin, who had no real interest in the success of the crusade, soon afterwards turned aside into Mesopotamia, where he made himself master of Edessa, and formed a Christian state there. Though founded by merely personal ambition, this eventually proved a great assistance to the Crusaders, by checking the progress of the Turkish arms in Asia.

The main body now crossed the Taurus, after a tedious and painful passage, and presented itself before the walls of Antioch, then ruled by an independent Turkish emir named Accun.

This city was especially dear to the Christians, as the first in which their title had been assumed, and the sight of its walls roused their flagging spirits. Some of the generals advised that the siege should be deferred for some months, until reinforcements arrived, and the winter was over; but the majority of the crusaders, whom Godfrey was conciliating, were confident of success, and dreading the deprecatory influences of delay, urged an immediate attack, which was accordingly made.

The Turks adopted the strategem of apparently neglecting to defend the city; and the Christians, falling into the snare, scattered their forces. The licentiousness of some of their number, moreover, proved fatal to their vigilance and a sudden and unexpected victory was gained by the Turks. The siege was then commenced in earnest, but the city was so strongly guarded that months elapsed without any impression being made upon its walls; and disease, famine, and the inclemency of the season united with the miseries of the Turks to weaken the Christian force. Many of the leaders (Robert, Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders) afterwards disgraced by the failure of the siege and the pressure of want, while despair drove many of those who remained to courses of reckless vice. Godfrey, firm to his duty and strong in faith, aided the exertions of the clergy in encouraging the spirits of his troops, and restraining their profligate excesses.

A timely supply of provisions from some of the Armenian vassal states, and a brilliant victory obtained by Bohemond and the Count of Toulouse over an army which the Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus

had sent to the succor of Antioch, rewarded Godfrey's confidence, and infused new vigor into the spirit of his army. This was needed to sustain the brunt of a desperate encounter which shortly afterwards took place between the besieged and their besiegers. A reinforcement of Italian crusaders having arrived, it was suddenly attacked by a large Turkish force and thrown into disorder. Godfrey, who had been encamped upon the same, rapidly marshaled his men and fell upon the enemy. A fierce conflict ensued, and was immediately made, and a fearful conflict ensued under the walls of the city. The Turks were put to flight with immense loss. Godfrey's recorded feats of valor approached the incredible. His sword clave the stoutest armor asunder at a blow. A gigantic Arabian horseman offered him single combat, and Godfrey, who could but yield to his strength, leaped on his shoulder with such tremendous force as to split his whole body in twain; half of which, with the head, fell into the River Orontes, while the remainder, yet clinging to the terrified horse, was carried back into the city.

Notwithstanding all these exploits, the Turks held out, and were only defeated at last by stratagem. This was achieved by the skill of Bohemond, who intrigued with Phiroz, one of the leaders of the garrison, for the command of the city, and obtained favorable terms to himself. Bohemond stipulated with his fellow-clients that the principality of Antioch should be granted him in return for his services; and, after some opposition, this was conceded.



City Life.—The Banana Man. (D'Orsay Photo.)

Phiroz managed the perilous task of admitting the crusaders with the utmost adroitness. At the dead of night the walls were scaled by Bohemond and his followers, and Antioch was taken, in June, 1098, after a siege of eight months. Accun, its Prince, and 6,000 Turks are said to have fallen on this eventful night.

HOW HE MADE HIS SERMONS.

A Scotch minister, who had been a farm servant, married an English lady, who set herself with great earnestness to the task of educating him. Under her tuition he rapidly acquired a superficial English accent, and a knowledge of words unknown to him, which greatly surprised his friends. He asked a brother minister when he commenced the preparation of his sermons. His friend replied, and naturally, put a similar question.

"I begin on Monday," was the startling reply. "I like to have my sermons simmering in my mind all the week."

On another occasion he was asked unexpectedly to say grace at a public dinner, which he did in the following words:

"O Lord, bless (bless), pardow (pardon), and accept these mercies."

Every passionate self-sacrifice done for God, God will embalm."

The Amateur Photographer.

Fixing.—When all the prints have been toned they should be thoroughly washed previous to being fixed. On no account have any fixing solution about while the prints are being toned, since the smallest particle of hyposulphite of soda will spoil any toning solution.

The following is the fixing solution: Hyposulphite of soda, 4 oz.; water, 1 pint; Ammonia (SSO), 1 dr.

The ammonia checks the possibility of an acid reaction, and also prevents blisters on the prints. Do not fix too many prints at once, keep the bath well in motion, and see that the prints do not stick together. In summer they will fix properly in ten minutes.

After being fixed the prints must be thoroughly washed—on this entirely depends their permanence. Every atom of hyposulphite of soda left in them must be got rid of, or assuredly its presence will cause the pictures to fade. A twelve hours' wash in running water will be none to much. If this is not convenient, they must be subjected to frequent changes, and finally left to soak for twenty-four hours in a large vessel of pure water. Rince after taking them out will complete the wash.

Toning Formula.—All the toning baths given can be thoroughly recommended.

Borax Bath—for warm brown tones.—Borax, 10 gr.; water, 16 oz.; chloride of gold, 1 gr.; water, 10 oz. Mix. This bath will not keep, and should only be prepared as required, and then thrown away. 1 gr. of roid is sufficient to cover one sheet of paper. The borax bath will suit all the prints, and is obtainable in papers in the market. Use powdered borax, and dissolve it in hot water. Afterwards make up 10 oz. Next add 1 gr. of chloride of gold, or 1 dr. of gold solution, to 10 oz. of water, and then mix the two solutions.

Carbamate of Soda Bath.—Chloride of gold, 1 gr., carbamate of soda, 10 gr.; water, 16 oz.

This bath also must be used immediately after mixing, since the gold is precipitated by the carbamate. The tones given are purple and black. The prints should be toned to dark brown for the purple tone, and to slightly blue for the black tone.

Acetate of Soda Bath.—Acetate of soda, 30 gr.; chloride of gold, 1 gr.; water, 16 oz.

This is an excellent bath, which will keep indefinitely. It should be mixed full a week previous to its being used. This bath produces a purple or brown tone, according to the length of time the print is immersed in it. When the bath is exhausted, add more gold and acetate of soda.

Acetate and Bicarbonate Bath.—Acetate of soda, 120 gr.; bicarbonate of soda, 10 gr.; chloride of gold, 1 gr.; water, 20 oz.

Make up fully twenty-four hours previously to its being required. The bath keeps indefinitely, and gives rich, warm brown tones. The prints for this bath should be printed deep. The tones will be complete when all the red has disappeared from the prints, except in the shadows, when examined by reflected light.

Phosphate of Soda Bath.—Chloride of gold, 1 gr.; phosphate of soda, 20 gr.; water, 8 oz.

This bath gives tones of a deep purple nature. It must be used soon after preparation, as the solution will not keep.

Chloride of Lime Bath.—Precipitate of chalk, 20 gr.; saturated solution of chloride of lime, 2 drops; boiling water, 16 oz. When this solution is quite cold add 1 gr. of gold, 1 gr.

The above bath keeps indefinitely, and gives brilliant white-and-black tones. It is best mixed up the day previous to its requirement.

Toning and Fixing Solution in One Bath.—Phosphate of soda, 15 gr.; sulphocyanide of ammonium, 25 gr.; hyposulphite of soda, 210 gr.; water, 2 oz. Next dissolve in a small quantity of water and add to the solution chloride of gold, 1 gr.

It is an excellent plan to have ready to cut a half-pint picture into four pieces, numbering them respectively at the back—one, two, three, and four—and giving to each a varied length of time in the toning-bath. Then, with particular care, these should be pasted in his note-book for future reference. The exact tone required at any time can be obtained by consulting the slips and noting the length of time each part was in the toning-bath.

A PLANTER'S CONVERSION.

A Brazilian missionary tells of a planter who built a costly shrine to his patron saint, and fitted it up with an image of the saint and with beautiful adornments. Afterward the planter was converted, and one of his first acts was to destroy the image in the shrine and everything there that was idolatrous. He covered the walls with Biblical verses, and painted upon the doorposts for all travelers, the invitation, "Come and see." That is a symbol of what every repentant sinner must do with the idols he has been worshiping.

USELESS PRAYERS.

A gentleman of large benevolence showed a friend a collection of letters containing requests for aid.

"Do you answer them all?" asked the friend.

"Only a very few," was the unexpected reply.

"The rest are not of a sort that I can possibly take up."

Is not likely that many of our prayers are unanswered because, for one reason or another, they do not meet God's requirements? Be sure that your prayer is one that heaven can take up.

THE WAR CRY.



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Marriage—

ENSIGN WILLIE C. ARNOLD, who came out of Helena, Mont., 29.9.07, and is now Accountant at Territorial Headquarters, to ENSIGN ETTIE WHITTEKER, who came out of Morrisburg, 24.9.89, and was last in the Editorial Department, T.H.Q., by Colonel Jacobs, at the Temple, 25.4.04.

Promotions—

ENSIGN W. C. ARNOLD to be ADJUTANT.

Lieut. Close to be Captain.

Lieut. Hinsley to be Captain.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.



THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

The Salvationist should always be abreast of his opportunities. His plans should be well thought out before the eve of battle, so that he is prepared in every particular to meet the indifference of the sinner as well as to set forth counter attractions to the many alluring amusements controlled by the ungodly.

Summer months, doubtless, bring with them many disadvantages, but all will agree they give to the soldier of Christ innumerable chances of gaining the attention of the sinner on the street-corner, in public parks, and elsewhere.

The organization of the Salvation Army is such as to make it eminently fitted to get the best results from open-air work. We neither experience nor manifest the slightest awkwardness in outdoor effort, because it was on Mile End Waste, thirty-nine years ago, this Salvation oak took root amidst the most unfavorable surroundings. The storms outdoors of ridicule and the winds of adversity have but given it a firmer grip, and to-day, by years of experience with the foes of Christ on the street, and the valuable lessons learned, we are better able as an Army than ever to meet the scepticism, and kindred obstacles, and save the people of the streets.

Canada and the United States are exceptionally privileged. As a rule, the crowds that gather around our open-air rings are well-behaved; in addition, we have the sympathy and help of the authorities, who seldom mete out to us any other than kindness and help. There is, therefore, no reason this summer why we should not spread the name of Jesus throughout the length of the land, and that thousands of unbelievers and non-church-goers should not be brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

THE COMMISSIONER

will visit

MONTREAL

and conduct

THE FAREWELL GATHERINGS

of the

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS PARTY

in the

WINDSOR HALL,

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
JUNE 8th and 9th.



The Memorial Services of Brigadier Pickering, conducted by members of the Headquarters Staff, in the city corps, were largely attended. A harvest of souls was the result.

The Commissioner will commission the Cadets at the Temple Auditorium on Monday, May 30th.

"How about passengers for the Ionian?" we asked Capt. Tudge, the Assistant to Major Howell. "All right," came the reply. "We have already booked more than our contract with the company calls for."

A man writes this week saying he was converted through reading, in the War Cry, the Commissioner's song, "Oh, wash my sins away." He had just completed a term in jail, where, we gather, he saw the song which led to his salvation.

Lieut. Bigelow has been appointed to assist in the Financial Department at Territorial Headquarters.

The prospects for the total amount raised throughout the Territory for Self-Denial this year are exceedingly good. Newfoundland tells us they are sure of victory.

The Newfoundland party will wear sailors' costumes at the International Congress.

Ice accidents have been sadly too many during this spring in the waters surrounding the Sea Girt Isle. A Corps-Cadet, R. Guy, at Pilley's Island, fell in through the ice and lost his life whilst going to meeting. Lieut. Diamond fell through and was only just rescued in time.

Major White, of the U.S.A., an old-timer that Canada gave to Uncle Sam some years ago, paid a visit to Toronto this week, and wore his usual pleasing smile.

The revival services conducted at Dovercourt on Sunday, May 8th, by Capt. Cornish and his Brigade, resulted in fourteen souls at the penitent form.

Bandsman Fred Ibbotson, of the famous Ibbotson Family, has taken an important step, being recently united in matrimony to Sister

Phoebe Robinson, in the large Auditorium of the Temple. Both comrades are active soldiers of the Temple corps. They have the prayers and best wishes of the local soldiers and friends for a future of increased happiness and usefulness.

None should miss purchasing a copy of "Salvation Songs and Solos," a compilation of new and old songs, with music, including all the compositions of the Field Commissioner. Price, 25 cts. The profits go toward the maintenance of our missionary work among the Indians. Send orders direct to the Editorial Office, Albert St., Toronto.

The Trade Secretary informs us he has received the invoices of the trimmed summer hats, from England, in fawn and black, and that the goods will have arrived in Toronto by the time this appears in print. Officers and soldiers are requested to send in their orders for summer uniform as soon as possible. The fawn hats should be ordered with the fawn dress goods. The price of the hats, either color, is \$1.75.

We are exceedingly glad to see Capt. Stolliker, our worthy shipper, at his work again after his very severe illness. He is looking very slim and pale, but is well over his stringy and will doubtless soon be himself again.

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF BRIGADIER PICKERING.

The memorial service of the late Brigadier Pickering was conducted by Colonel Jacobs in the large Auditorium of the Temple, on Sunday night, May 8th.

The Chief Secretary was assisted by Brigadier and Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Stanyon, Staff-Captains Cass and Combs, and others.

The Temple Band played funeral march as Mrs. Pickering, accompanied by a number of officers, entered the crowded hall. The Male Quartet also sang appropriately during the service, which resulted in two souls seeking salvation.—W. C. A.

FROM UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN.

The officer at Traverse City has just ordered a uniform for a recruit who is eighty-five years of age, and has just been sworn-in with ten other soldiers.

Lieut.-Colonel Gifford and Brigadier Atkinson, of the Central Province, are very sick.

Brigadier Atkinson was operated upon Sunday morning, May 1st, for an abscess in the head. He is in a very grave and critical condition in the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital.

Mrs. Brigadier Johnson, we regret to learn, continues very ill indeed. Thus far there seems to be little or no change for the better, and the suffering is intense.

THE S.S. IONIAN SAILS JUNE 10th.

It is NOW or NEVER. Only a Few Berths Left.

The fare is \$62.00, good from Montreal to London, via Liverpool, and return, including admission to the Crystal Palace.

The ticket entitles the holder to return second class if used within twelve months from date of issue. If returning by way of Glasgow a refund of \$2.38 will be made.

Two bands will be on board.

If anyone wishes to return by a different line, arrangements can be made for a one-way ticket.

Write at once to

Transportation Department,

20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

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Brigadier Pickering Laid to Rest.

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL IN WHICH HUNDREDS OF SALVATIONISTS TAKE PART.

The doctors said it would be fully a month before the Brigadier would be seen at Headquarters again. But God's will decreed otherwise, and in the radiant sunshine of a spring afternoon but a fortnight after he had left his office the same building saw his return. Horne by the arms of men who had stood with him shoulder to shoulder in the same fight, followed by the tender-hearted woman who for years had shared his sorrows and found part in his toils, and surrounded by hundreds of bleeding hearts, to whom he had been both comrade and true friend, our Provincial Officer was brought back to us, for the last time. Gently they laid him before the platform, upon which he had so often powerfully pleaded the claims of his Master. The pitiful contrast sent the tears rushing to our eyeballs—it was bitter to think that silent casket held all that was left to us of the tongue which had been so eloquent, the heart which had been so devoted to the interests of the lost. But when they uncovered the quiet face and we saw the peace reflected there, a sense of comfort came.

"What a beautiful brow," sobbed the faithful nurse who had been for life impressed by the character of her first Salvationist patient, "he might have been a nobleman."

"He is," came the quick reply, "for he stands face to face with the King."

The Temple was thronged to its utmost limit. Soldiers had slipped in during their dinner-hour, or forfeited their afternoon's work to be present; sorrowing officers from all over the Province were there, and Hamilton had paid its last tribute to the memory of the Brigadier by sending its brass band. The spacious platform was filled entirely with bandsmen, and the harmony was rich and full which accompanied the sacred strains of "Hiding in Thee"—well that it was, and thus hid the broken utterance of the sorrowing crowd who tried to uplift the song in faith.

"We stand to-day, Lord, at the place where the best earthly affection and help avail us nothing, but Thine arm of love is strong, and we cling to Thee." Thus prayed Brigadier Southall, his own voice shaking with emotion.

"We are met in the presence of what appears to us as a terrible calamity," said the Chief Secretary. "We cannot explain the mystery, but we can trust the hand that sends it, and we do." Briefly the Colonel told of his long personal acquaintance with the Brigadier and of his admiration of his character and devotion. "From the moment that I first clasped his hand many years ago, as one of my officers in the Dundee Division,

I felt he was a man desperately devoted to the claims of God and the Army, and those who knew him best will testify with me that at that same enthusiasm he lived and died."

A heart-song from Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and Staff-Capt. Cass rose to speak. The Staff-Captain has labored with the Brigadier in the Central Ontario Province for over two years, and seemed almost overcome with the bereavement which had fallen upon the officers and himself. Battling with his feelings, he yet managed to speak a beautiful tribute to the memory of one who had, he said, been the embodiment of faithfulness. "Faithful in his dealings with the officers, faithful in his efforts for the sinners, faithful in his love for his comrades, faithful to me"—and here the Chancellor's voice broke altogether.

Brigadier Hargrave followed with a warm-hearted testimonial from West Ontario speaking of the shock the news had given his Province, the value of Brigadier Pickering to the fight, and praying that his mantle might fall upon those who were left.

"I shall see Him face to face," sang the Staff Bandmaster, and we tried to forget our grief in the glory which our late comrade had won.

Then followed the tributes of two old friends—men who had stood by Brigadier Pickering's side in the Old Country and in the new, who loved him as a brother, and mourned him as one.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire drew a beautiful point from his close association with the Brigadier. He told how the latter had followed him in command of London's biggest corps, how he had succeeded him as P. O. in the East, how he had followed him in his recall to Toronto. "But now," said the Colonel, "the order is reversed. The Brigadier has gone ahead, his appointment to heaven has preceded mine, and it is left to me to follow." It had been the Colonel's privilege to share some of the night-watches by that death-bed, and rich were the instances he brought us of the grace which shone there. He spoke of his love for his comrades, for his tender consideration for his wife in the plea that her heart might not be grieved by the separation of his going to the hospital, for the strength which upheld his heart when the chill of the river benumbed his stricken frame.

"In all my twenty-one years' Salvation Army service," said the Colonel, "I have never seen a triumph in death more beautiful and complete. It has done more for my own soul than any life could do."

There was a very touching remembrance for Mrs. Pickering. She had made mention about some arrangements for the funeral,

wondering who would take the place that brothers generally do in such bereavements. "I am his brother," cried the speaker, "and to-day all round this territory she has many whose hearts beat in brotherly love and sympathy with her. We will stand by her, help her, comfort her, and so far as we can go to make up her terrible loss we will; but there is One who will go further—he is with her now."

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin have already played a brother's and sister's part to that bereaved home, and had there been a blood-tie between them the loss could scarcely have been more personally felt. The Colonel spoke tenderly of the happy comradeship which had existed between them, of the way they had shared each other's sorrows, gloried in each other's joys, and cheered each other in dark hours. "Our loss is great," said the Colonel, "it is a tragedy that one so gifted, so desperately consecrated, should be taken from the arena of the fight. I have known the Brigadier for nineteen years, and have never seen one day of his life when he was not steadfast to the purpose which had brought him into the Army and kept him there. He was a man of keen ambition directed into a holy channel. He was always demanding success with Jesus Christ, and his victorious life demonstrated how that demand was usually complied with. His death was a triumph; and although he struggled with the last enemy for sixty hours, he swept through the gates more than conqueror. The eye of faith was undimmed to the last—he seemed filled with a sense of the goodness of God. When the Commissioner, who did what she could to cheer his heart in the valley, repeated that verse, 'Though waves and storms go o'er my head,' he echoed the last line, saying, 'Wonderful, wonderful mercy of God!'

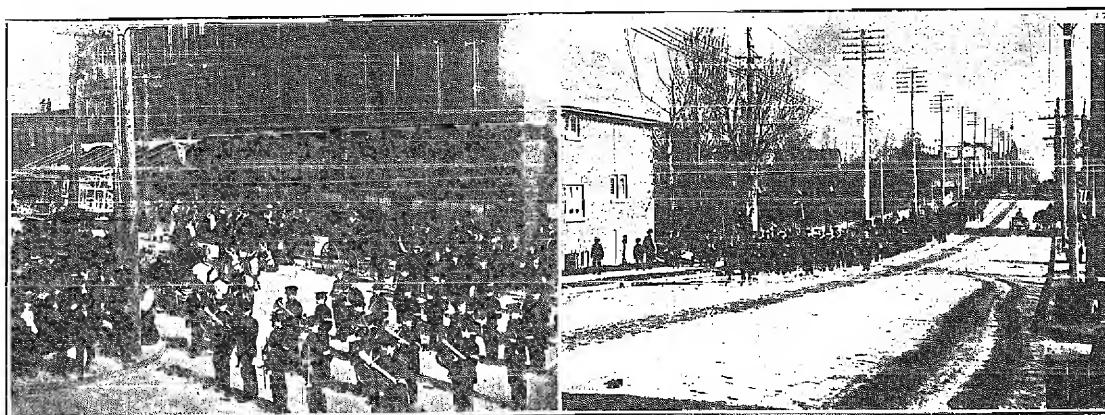
"Lead, kindly light." It was one of the Brigadier's favorite verses, and a fitting song for the Male Quartet to sing. The thrilling words of confidence seemed strangely suited to the solemn occasion, and though the eyes of the singers were dimmed with tears, their voices were clear and their melody true.

Mrs. Major Stanyon read the Commissioner's heartfelt message. It has already been reproduced in these pages, and it will suffice to say that it touched some of the deepest chords struck that sunny afternoon with its circumstantes of shadow.

With the uncommented reading of Paul's farewell to his people, the Chief Secretary closed that service and we went out into the radiant afternoon for the long march to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, the last earthly home of him in whose memory we were met. The streets were thronged to see the procession pass, which was long and imposing. So far did it extend that the bandsmen, numbering close on a hundred, and divided into three parts, were out of hearing of each other.

The setting sun threw its departing glory on the quiet scene as we neared the grassy

(Continued on page 12.)



Funeral Procession Leaving the Temple.

The March on Yonge Above Bloor Street.

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THE WAR CRY.

Central Ontario.

STAFF-CAPT. PAGE AT LIPPINCOTT.

Last Sunday we had the pleasure of having with us Staff-Captain Page, our beloved Commissioner's Private Secretary. The Staff-Captain had not been at Lippincott for a long time, and we were more than delighted to have her with us. God came very near and blessed us all day.

Our free-and-easy meeting was a time of much blessing. The Staff-Captain spoke very interestingly to the unsaved, pointing out God's message of love to them.

At the night meeting the Staff-Captain was asked to make the sad announcement of the death of our beloved Provincial Officer, Brigadier Pickering, who was a soldier of the Lippincott corps. Mrs. Major Creighton was called upon to offer a prayer on behalf of the bereaved, especially dear Mrs. Pickering and her two sons. Many tears were seen to flow. The death of the Brigadier will be deeply felt by the Lippincott corps.

Staff-Capt. Page and Capt. Russell sweetly sang to us, "Let Jesus come into your heart," after which the band played the Vesper Hymn.

The Staff-Captain's address was delivered in her usual pleasing and impressive manner. Her subject was on "The Heretic." She clearly pointed out the great necessity of being prepared for death, and while some people tried to make themselves believe there is no hereafter, it does not alter the fact that there is a heaven for the faithful and a hell for the God-rejecters. Sinners and backsliders were led to see their need of a Saviour.

Our day's efforts were crowned with success, and eight precious souls sought salvation. Finances and credit above the average.

Ensign Howell, on behalf of the corps, thanked Staff-Capt. Page very kindly for taking the Sunday's meetings, and extended to her a hearty invitation to pay Lippincott another visit at an early date. We all enjoyed her meetings very much, and pray that God will abundantly bless her in return for her labor.—Eva Simpson.

* * *

YORKVILLE STILL IN THE FIGHT.

A week ago last Sunday we were highly favored by the presence of Staff-Capt. Scarr, Capt. Webber, and the lassie-Cadets of the Training College, who took charge of the services all day. Although the day was very wet and our services somewhat shortened, the good time for God was with us and blessed us. Praise Him! Although we saw no visible results from our day's fight, our faith is not shaken, but our confidence is still in God, who has never lost a battle, and who tells us to sow the good seed and He will look after the increase. After hearing the Cadets and seeing their enthusiasm, we all feel that we feel like predicting great destruction in the ranks of the Antichrist. They are but true to God and the Antichrist. God bless them abundantly. Amen.

Last Sunday we had with us Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller. It is a little over a year since we had the pleasure of having the Staff-Captain and his wife with us, but we have by no means forgotten the glorious times we had when they were here. The soldiers of Yorkville are very glad to have them come because we are helped considerably and encouraged to go on in the fight, and last Sunday's meetings were no exception to the rule. The subject for the morning was, "Feeding on Ashes," taken by Mrs. Miller. We all enjoyed it very much and felt benefitted thereby. It was shown us that it was impossible for God's children to live on just bread alone; we must have grace, and acknowledging those experiences may have been; but that we must receive from God the heavenly manna day by day that feeds and invigorates our spiritual life.

In the afternoon the subject was, "The Modern Gideon," taken by the Staff-Captain, in which he gave us a rehearsal of his life and experience.

At night the subject was, "The Skeleton Army," which was taken by Mrs. Miller. After hearing this discourse we had reason to exclaim, "Truly the best wine was kept until the last." We ended the day's fight with one backsider in the fountain, who decided to leave the "Skeleton Army" and join the "Blood-washed Army of the Living God." Others held up their hands expressing a desire to be saved, but failed to take the step. We are believing and praying for them.—J. E. J., Sec.

* * *

Moving Pictures.

Chester—In spite of a wet night and other important meetings in the town, a splendid crowd came to see the moving pictures and hear the lecture given by Brigadier Hargrave on the Life and Works of Mrs. Consul Booth-Tucker. Those who came said it was far beyond their expectations, and expressed themselves as being delighted with the special service. To many, if not all, who have been asked what we led to our hearts concerning that question, what can God mean? With the individual who is fully consecrated to His service? The meeting brought blessing and inspiration to the Christian, while it brought condemnation to the sinner. The good sum of money taken at the door is not to be compared with the blessed influence the meeting had on the town and corps. It may be that many, even in Chester, of the world outside the Army and followers of God, "We believe it shall be so." Adjt. Bloss, of Guelph, Ensign Poole, and Mr. Lamb, accompanied the Brigadier. Ensign Poole came a day ahead of the rest, and conducted the meeting on Thursday night. This being an old corps of the Ensigns, the comrades and friends were pleased to meet him again.—T. J. Meekie, Capt.

Two Souls.

Esther St.—Since last report we have witnessed some good times. Two souls professed salvation last week. The Captain announced an altar service for Sunday, after 11 A.M., which the children took a very prominent part. The same was a very impressive and interesting meeting. One person presented their all to Jesus.—Leander.

Farewell of Three Comrades.

Lindsay—Sunday was a good day to our souls. The people attended the meetings well, and listened eagerly to God's message to them. At night three of

our dear comrades said farewell. Bro. and Sister Killingsbeck go to Peterboro, and Sister Emily Mollen to Burk's Falls. We have sustained a great loss in the removal of these three dear comrades, as each one was willing to do anything for their Lord and Master. Sister Killingsbeck and her wife, S. S.-M., and War Cry booster, and did her work faithfully. We believe, although she may not see the result of her work down here, that many will rise up to call her blessed on the judgment morning, when we all shall meet again. Sister Mollen was a J. S. Sergeant in charge of a class of little girls who loved her dearly, and are sorry to lose her. We pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon these comrades wherever they may go.—S. A. H.

Household Hints.

Salt is used in taking ink stains out of cloth. Smoked ceilings should be washed with soap and water.

The juice of a lemon in a cup of black coffee is excellent for a sick headache.

Remember that, though milk is a liquid, it increases the thirst directly digestion commences.

Copperas mixed with whitewash, used for store-rooms, etc., will keep insect life away.

To keep eggs brush them over with thin gum and pack in dry salt or charcoal.

Oil paintings can be cleansed by rubbing with a piece of raw cotton, and, when dry, varnished.

Water that has simmered long will never make as good tea as that which has boiled once and then been poured on the tea.

Flannelette steeped in alum and water becomes practically un-inflammable.

The nutritious value of dried beef is said to exceed that of fresh.

The best way to clean brass chains is to place the articles in a jam jar, cover them with paraffin, let them stand for five minutes, take them out, and rub with scouring soap.

Grate some best chocolate finely, and make into a stiff paste with whipped cream. Add a few drops of vanilla. Spread on thin bread and butter and cut into fancy shapes.

Cut as many slices of meat from the joint as you require. Arrange them on a dish and put a small piece of butter on each slice, with a little salt and pepper. Take out two tablespoonsfuls of Worcester sauce, cover with another dish, and place in the oven for half an hour.

For fig jelly, take a pound of figs, chopped fine, a cupful of sugar, and half a cupful of boiling water. Boil to a jelly, stirring constantly.

Those who have trouble with custards are recommended to scald the milk to be used, set it aside until cool, and make the custard as usual. It will not curdle.

Tart apples and crisp celery cut up in equal quantities and mixed with hickory nuts make an excellent salad. Serve on lettuce hearts with a mayonnaise dressing.

To make cream sauce for veal, put in a saucepan with half a pint of cream, one cooked onion, well-chopped, and a piece of butter rolled and worked in flour. Stir the whole over the fire until it boils. Then move the pan to one side and mix the beaten yolks of two eggs and a spoonful of any flavoring preferred. Stir over the fire until it thickens, but do not let it boil again. Serve in a sauce dish with the game.

Grease marks on wall paper may be removed by dabbing a paste of Fuller's earth or Pipeclay and water to the paper, and when dry lightly brushing off. If one application does not remove the stain, try another.

Almond paste to put on a cake is made thus: Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, grind one pound of fresh almonds very fine, moisten them with rose-water. Mix with the eggs and add one pound of castor sugar. Lay the paste evenly over the cake and set it in a very slow oven.

Fish Cake.—Any kind of cold fish may be mashed together and mixed together, after taking the bones and skin from the fish. Flavor with pepper, salt, and a little cayenne; mix in the yolk of an egg. Then roll each little cake separately in the white of the egg and bread crumbs; fry them in boiling lard.

The Spanish onions are best for salad. Cook them in boiling salted water until they can be pierced with a small steel skewer, or a knitting needle. Drain and eat. In the evening, after eating, lay on a bed of lettuce and cover with mayonnaise dressing. The water should be changed three or four times while the onions are cooking.

WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

The rate of our progress in these days is simply tremendous. The forces which nature is placing at our service, and the power to handle them with which advancing, intellectual culture equips us, make the vast creation seem but a simple, easily solved, could we yoke the one physical force whatever its nature and name, which transmits our messages to our carriages, and our candlesticks, could we make it our chariot to draw our ships and planes, and stimulate the light, it would complete the greatest revolution ever accomplished in the history of our world. We are living through the revolution; our children may see it crowned. If the discoveries and inventions of the next generation are at all commensurate in their rate of development with that of the last few years, the world will be a glorious world to live in, or a terrible, and you young men may have to settle which.—Baldwin Brown.

The hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" is fed from hills high above the level of man's ordinary thoughts and ways.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter IV.

THE NORTHMEN.—A.D. 858-958.

There were many more of the light-haired, blue-eyed people on the further side of the North Sea who worshipped Thor and Woden still, and thought that their kindred in England had fallen from the old ways. Besides, they liked to make their fortunes by getting what they could from their neighbors. Nobody was thought brave or worthy in Norway or Denmark, who had not made some voyages in a "long keel," as a ship was called, and fought bravely, and brought home gold cups and chains of jewels in swarms, and who had been. Their captains were called Sea-kings, and some of them went a great way, even into the Mediterranean. Some of them had beautiful shores of Italy. So dreadful was it to see the fleet of long ships coming up to the shore, with a serpent for the figure-head, and a raven as the flag, and crowds of fierce warriors with axes in their hands, longing for prey and bloodshed, that where we pray in church that God would deliver us from fighting, and tempest, and famine and murder, nor forefathers used to add, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us."

To England these Northmen came in great swarms, and chiefly from Denmark, so that they were generally called "the Danes." They burnt the houses, drove off the cows and sheep, killed the men, and took the women and children to be slaves; and they were always in the cruel of abducting boys and an Abbey with any monk or papa, because they hated the Christian faith. By this time these seven English kingdoms alluded to had all fallen into the hands of one king. Egbert, King of the West Saxons, who resigned at Winchester, is counted as the first King of all England. His four grandsons had dreadfully battled with the Danes all their lives, and the three eldest all died quite young. The youngest Alfred the Truth-Teller. He was only twenty-two years old when he came to the throne, and the kingdom was overrun everywhere with the Danes. In the northern part some had even settled down, and made themselves a home, as the English had done four hundred years before, and more and more kept coming in through the south, so that, though he had only a few faithful men left with him, that he thought it wise to send them away, and hide himself in the Somersetshire marsh country. There is a pretty story told of him that he was hidden in the hut of a poor workman, whose wife, thinking he was a thief, wanted to kill him as he sat at the doorway with his bow and arrows, desired him to turn the sides she had set to bake upon the hearth. Presently she found them burning, and cried out angrily, "Lazy wench! you can't turn the ovens, though you can eat them fast enough."

However, that same spring, the brave English gained many battles. Alfred, coming out of his hiding-place, gathered them all together and beat the Danes, so that they asked for peace. He said he would allow those who had settled in the North of England to stay there, provided they would become Christians; and he stood godfather to their chief, and gave him the name of Ethelstan. After this Alfred built sixty English ships built to meet the Danish ones, and so he beat them off, and that in the rest of his reign, and that of his son and grandsons, they could do very little mischief, and for a time left off coming at all, but went on to rob other countries that were not so well guarded by brave kings.

But Alfred was not only a brave warrior. He was a most good and holy man, who feared God above all things, and tried to do his very best for his people. He made good laws for them, and took care that every one should be justly treated, and that nobody should do his neighbor wrong without being punished. So many Abbeys had been burnt and the monks killed by the Danes that there were hardly any left to be had, so Alfred sent to Rome. He immediately learned much from abroad, and wrote and translated books himself for them; and he had a school in his house, where he made the young nobles learn with his own sons. He built up the churches, and gave alms to the poor; and he was always ready to hear the troubles of any poor man. Though he was always worn out with his hard work, he had a cause that used always to give him terrible pain almost every day. His last years were less peaceful than the middle ones of his reign; for the Danes tried to come again; but he beat them off by his ships at sea, and when he was fifty-two years old, in the year 901, he left England at rest and quiet; and the English always think of him as one of the greatest kings who ever was, who never reigned in England or in any other country. As long as his children after him, and his people, went on in the good way he had taught them, all prospered with them, and no enemies hurt them; and this was all through the reigns of his son, his grandson, and great-grandson. The council of great men was called by long word that there was in England "wise men." Much of this was the affair of the kingdom. The king's wife was not called queen, but lady; and what do you think lady means? It means "feast-giver"—giver of bread in her household and the poor. So a lady's great work is to be charitable.

BIRTHDAY DOLES.

An odd birthday custom prevails in one of the Presbyterian Churches in Minnesota. On each Sunday after a birthday, the person who has completed another year is sent to the congregation—brought in full sight of the congregation, drops in the number of cents equal to her age. Ladies unwilling to reveal the truth have hit upon the ingenious expedient of dropping in a dollar (100 cents), knowing that the congregation will not believe them to have completed the century. Ladies over thirty are especially fond of adopting this plan.



Entering Mount Pleasant Cemetery—Showing Pall Bearers.

BRIGADIER PICKERING LAID TO REST.

(Continued from page 9.)

circle where stand the memorials of warriors who fell.

Very brief was the concluding service, but every word and song came from and reached the depths. Brigadier Turner's choice simile of the golden threads of grace which interwove the troublous texture of life's loom spoke of comfort and of help.

With aching hearts we committed the precious casket to the grave, but with uplifted souls we seemed to catch a glimpse of the glory with which the soldier-spirit was now crowned.

Then out from the peace of the garden of the dead and into the turmoil of the strife to make the most of life, which was still ours, to live for Jesus and the lost, with one note echoing in our ears and framing itself into a purpose within our souls—

"We will fall in the fight,
We will die at our post."

—A. L. P.

THE CHEERFULNESS OF DEATH.

Most people, even most Christian people, shrink from death. In sermons and hymns, and in literature, it is generally represented as repulsive. It is spoken of as "Death's cold stream," "The last enemy," the "Dark valley of the shadow of death, and the "Terrors of death" are pictured in vivid terms. For the Christian, at least, this is all wrong. Death should be, in reality, his best friend; welcomed rather than feared.

So far as the physical aspect of death is concerned, the universal teaching of physicians is that the process of dying is rarely painful or even unwelcome to the patient, though full of sorrow to his family. A happy unconsciousness in nearly all cases shields the dying man from pain. The weakness, the fever, the parched lips, the labored breathing, are all unfelt. Most people die quietly and often almost imperceptibly.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died,"

is often true.

If, then, death is not an unpleasant process physically, why should it be feared from the spiritual side? See what it does for the Christian.

It frees him from accident, sickness, and suffering, to which his body has been liable all his life, and from which he has often suffered, sometimes intensely, and for long periods of time.

It frees him from all sorrow. No one who has reached even adolescence escapes sorrow. To many, sorrows are multiplied manifold and bear down even the stoutest heart. The "weary" and the "heavy laden" make up the mass of mankind.

Our minds will expand beyond our present comprehension; there all the unsolved problems of earth will be clear as day; there we shall learn why perplexity, disappointment, and trouble were our lot on earth, and were needful for the orderly and sufficient development of our own character, and of God's large plans, not only for us, but for the race; there, in a word, all that is evil shall vanish away and all that is good shall be ours forever.

If death, then, is not a painful, unpleasant process, and if it does for us so much, it should be, not the last enemy, but our best friend; not dreaded as the messenger of evil, but welcomed as a companion who will lead us into paths of pleasantness and reveal to us the joys for which we have been longing all our lives. We should not speak of the terrors of death, but should feel in our very hearts the cheerfulness of death.—W. W. K.

Composition Competition.

The contributions from our friends have come in very generously to the Editorial Office, and our writers and poets certainly should be complimented on the skill they display. The Editor, in due time, will give all the manuscripts due consideration, but in this issue it is only possible to make a selection at random from the much "copy" received:

ALMOST COMPELLED TO GET SAVED.

Nearly forty years ago I became conscious that I was living a wicked, sinful life, neither fit to be seen in the company of religious people or in a church; in fact, I made use of every argument the devil gave me to keep me from attending any decent place. The plea that I did not possess a good enough coat to wear gave me several weeks an excuse that pleased me well; but at length this even failed and I found myself compelled to procure the necessary article. I took it home on Saturday night. On Sunday morning two young ladies that knew my case, got possession of the coat, and bringing it around quietly requested me to rise, when they proceeded to put it on, and taking me by each arm, they proceeded to escort me out upon the street and so to a mission Sunday School. Introducing me to the Superintendent they left me. My embarrassment was great, for I felt myself entirely out of place,

To the Superintendent I made an apology for being there and turned to go, when he stopped and informed me, to my surprise, that I was just the one that was wanted. I could not understand it then, but I remained, and soon I learned the whole story of a Saviour's willingness to forgive. Six years ago I became a member of the Salvation Army in the States (Boston III. corps) of which I am still a member.—R. S. Mercier, Halifax, N.S.

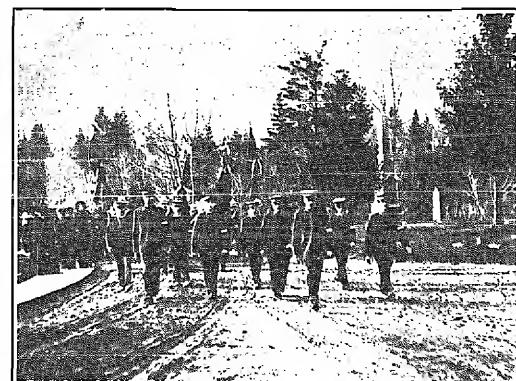
SAVED THROUGH THE CONSISTENT LIFE OF A COMPANION.

My father died when I was a boy, so young that I have only a slight remembrance of his death. My mother, having to support five children, and not being a Christian, was not able to look well after our training, and I grew up to be a very wild boy. At the age of nine I was given to a farmer to raise. He was a Christian, but undertook to break me in the way people break in broncos—with the whip. Consequently I ran away after staying with him a few years, but the religious impressions that were made upon my mind there never left me, and had, I believe, something to do with my conversion, which took place a number of years afterwards in the town of Hespeler, Ont. I had become one of the wildest and most reckless fellows in that community—drinking, fighting, stealing, swearing, lying, doing nearly everything that was bad. I managed to escape the hands of the law for a long time, but was caught at last. I had to spend a month behind the bars, for obstructing a constable in the discharge of his duty. While in the prison I had a good chance to reflect upon my past life, and I made up my mind that I would do better. I read the New Testament nearly through while there, but as I did not get a change of heart my good resolutions were soon broken when I got out again.

Shortly after this quite a revival took place in connection with the Methodist Church in Hespeler, at which a companion of mine got saved. Seeing a great change in his life, and realizing I was fast going to destruction, I went to the meeting and to the penitent form, where I repented and accepted Christ as my Saviour and received a real change of heart. Shortly after this I joined the Army, and have been in it over ten years.—Ensign Colin Campbell.

SAVED THROUGH A ZEALOUS COMRADE.

I was saved through the zeal and godly life of one person. By her actions, conversation, and so forth, she made me feel she was interested in my soul's welfare. She certainly made me feel uneasy. Often would she pray, weep, and plead with me to give my heart to God. The Spirit of God worked upon my heart, so much so that I thought it best to "quench not the Spirit," and therefore gave myself to Him for time and eternity.—Edith Minore, Fenelon Falls, Ont.



The Advance Guard Entering Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

**The War.**

Japan seems to be decidedly having the advantage in the far East. Unless there is something behind the manoeuvres of the Russians that is not apparent to our western eyes, it would seem that the latter is in a sad condition. Japan now virtually controls the seas, and her recent land triumphs in the vicinity of the Yalu River have raised her prestige considerably.

Port Arthur's position is said to be precarious. The Japanese are steadily closing in upon the Russians. What Japan will do next is a question. Thus far she appears to have been victorious. It is said that the lack of rolling stock on the Manchurian Railway is the only thing that hinders Japan from utterly destroying the Russian army of the Yalu. General Kuroki is pressing the Russians toward the passes of the Motienling Range. He is now in possession of Feng-wangcheng, the key to Southern Manchuria.

Canadian Cuttings.

John Croft, of Toronto, while dynamiting walls in the burned area, was fatally injured by an explosion.

Wm. Powell, yardmaster of the C.P.R. at Prescott, was run over and killed.

Mr. Henry Besley, Jr., the victim of the Amaranth barn-raising accident, died of his injuries.

Mr. Wm. McCready, M.P. for Selkirk, was found dead in his room at the Russell House, Ottawa.

Mrs. J. Grant Needham, A.T.C.M., of Orillia, has been appointed Lady Principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College.

Mrs. Lottie Desroches has been arrested, charged with causing the death of her infant by burying the child alive at Tracadie Beach, P.E.I.

The Railway Commissioners have postponed until the 1st of November approval of the proposed new railway rate classification, reserving the right to deal in the meantime with special instances.

Thieves robbed York Street and Queen Street West stores, in Toronto, and were fired on at a third place.

Wm. McDonald, of Bracebridge, was killed by placing his hand on a wire fence in contact with a hanging wire, carelessly left hanging from the top of the poles by some workmen.

Dr. George Kennedy was elected President of the Canadian Institute.

The Temiskaming Railway Commission has decided to call for tenders for thirty miles of the extension.

John Bailey, eleven years of age, is lying at the point of death in St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, at Brockville, having shot himself through the body.

Mr. Thos. Carnichael, hotel proprietor, was found dead in his bed at Petrolia.

Brandon is flooded, some of the streets and the Assiniboine bridge being three feet under water.

It is reported the Dominion Government will take possession of the mastodon remains found in Quartz Creek, Yukon.

The body of Mr. Wm. Mossop, of Port Dalhousie, was found in the burying-ground between the graves of his two sons.

A blaze at Woodstock College, at an early hour, caused great excitement among the students. Damage slight.

John McNeil, eleven years old, son of Mr. Jos. McNeil, manager of the Bank of Hamilton, at Chesley, was drowned while fishing from a raft.

The Bell Telephone Company were stopped in their attempt to lay a conduit in Owen Sound streets, and will apply for an injunction a

Geo. W. Smith, implement agent at Rockwood, was sent to penitentiary for five years, less time already served, for forging about \$3,000 worth of farmers' notes.

The Toronto Presbytery will urge a repeal of the law permitting betting on race tracks. Bangs, the lawyer, was sent for trial at Regina for complicity in the \$10,000 mail robbery.

The steamer Oriole upset in Muskoka River near Bracebridge, with forty passengers on board. Fortunately all escaped.

Wm. Roberts, convicted of setting fire to a house and barn of his employer, W. H. Taylor, was sentenced to the Central Prison by Judge Monk, at Hamilton.

By a majority of 75 Fort William rate-payers passed a by-law to spend \$28,500 to complete the municipal fire halls.

The pictures by Canadian artists for exhibition at St. Louis have been selected.

The ferry steamer Luella was damaged to the extent of \$500 by fire while tied up at Yonge St. wharf, Toronto.

Detective Sennin has resigned to accept the position of Chief of Brantford Police.

Mrs. John Harvey has retired from the Presidency of the Y.W.C.A. Guild, after seventeen years in the society.

Two hundred painters and decorators are on strike at Windsor.

A little son of Prof. Shortt, of Queen's University, Kingston, had both legs taken off by a street car.

The Brantford City Council have refused terms offered by the Bell Telephone Company, and the Aldermen talk in favor of a municipal system.

U.S. Siftings.

The conference in Cleveland between the lake carriers and Masters and Pilots' Association terminated without reaching an agreement.

Thirty-five thousand loaves of bread were received in Chicago from Pittsburg to relieve the bread famine threatened by the strike of bakers.

A proposition to memorialize Congress in behalf of Canadian reciprocity was defeated in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

British Briefs.

It is reported that the Archbishop of Canterbury will soon visit Canada.

The acreage of wheat in Great Britain last year was 150,000 less than in 1902.

Sir Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is reported to be dying of pleurisy.

The Earl of Derby was elected President of the British Empire League.

General Sir E. T. Hutton, formerly commanding the Canadian militia, has been awarded the good service pension of £100 yearly.

Mr. Alred Mosely, writing to the Daily Express, declares India to be a source of weakness to the Empire.

The Thibetan force which attacked the British mission was easily repulsed with heavy loss.

Premier Balfour expressed the belief that the Anglo-French treaty would be a permanent agreement.

British imports and exports in April increased \$6,897,000 and \$1,742,500 respectively.

International Items.

The strike of officers of the French merchant marine is spreading.

In the German Reichstag Herr Bebel dissented from recent speeches by the Kaiser, and declared the German people sympathized with the Japanese.

One hundred natives were killed by a hurricane which ravaged Cochin-China.

Maurus Jokai, the famous Hungarian novelist, is dead.

Franz Von Lenbach, one of the most famous of German portrait painters, died at Munich.

The sleeping sickness is now attacking European officials in the Congo State.

The boundary dispute between Peru and Brazil has reached an acute stage.

The master builders of Vienna looked out 45,000 men to try to defeat strikes on several buildings.

It is reported that serious anti-Jewish riots occurred at Bender, Russia.

Polish bacon-enters will enter into competition with Canadian and other purveyors to the English market.

The Chilean Government has divided contracts for the building of the trans-Andine Railway between two British firms and one American.

A QUAIN'T SERMON.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge, and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnessees, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflection on them.

Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking toward Cambridge and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up they accosted him:

"Your servants, sir."

He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen."

They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late. He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them from a text they would choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree that stood by the side of the road), from the word "Malt."

He then began: "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit."

"Beloved, my text is Malt. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—m-a-l-t. M is moral, A is allegorical, L is literal, T is theological."

"The moral is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore M—my masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—tippling."

"The allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another is meant. The thing spoken of is malt. The thing meant is the spirit of malt, which you rustics make: M—your meat, A—your apparel, L—your liberty, T—your trust."

"The literal is, according to the letter: M—much, A—ale, L—little, T—trust."

"The theological is according to the effect it works. In some, M—murder; in others, A—audacity; in all, L—looseness of life, and, in many, T—treachery."

"I shall conclude the subject—First, by way of exhortation: M—my masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text."

"Second, by way of caution: M—my masters, A—all of you, L—look for, T—the truth."

"Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; children's trouble; his own shame; a boor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; a beast; the monster of a man."

Magazine, 1832.



The Plucky East—My Quizz Spectacles—Why These Weeps?

The War Cry barometer is much the same as last week. I guess it's warmer in the East, and that may be the reason the mercury is so high in the boomers' glass. Any advance, of course, is better than none, and two boomers ahead of last week for Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's Province nearly made us use a slang expression—"bully boy."

* * *

Now, just a moment, till I get my quizz spectacles on and take in the general situation of things. Here's East Ontario with seven boomers missing. Brave Central, however, comes to the rescue and adds four.

* * *

West Ontario is down again. Something like the story we all know, but like many others we laugh every time we hear it. The manager of the railway told an Irishman (the sectionman) to be brief in his report the next time the train ran off the track. Pat obliged, and wired the following message when an edit required it: "Once again, on again, gone again—Plangan." Next week we hope Brigadier Hargrave will wire regarding his boomers: "On again."

* * *

Newfoundland, ah, where art thou?

* * *

The Pacific is nearly swamped; even the Training College is ahead! Oh, dear, I must leave you all, my dears, and find my handkerchief to dry the tears of disappointment which will rebelliously gush from my eyes.

Eastern Province.
108 Hustlers.

Sgt. Martin, Glace Bay	300
P. S.-M. Caslin, Halifax I.	181
Lieut. Seager, Fredericton	150
Mrs. Capt. Ebson, Fredericton	140
Capt. Evans, Fredericton	120
S.-M. Crosby, Yarmouth	102
Sgt. Virgil, Southampton	100
Capt. Ford, Kenville	100
Lieut. Slater, Louisburg	100
Ensign Laws, Charlottetown	100

90 and Over.—E. Dinnin, Ensign Plesey, New Aberdeen; Capt. McDonald, Carleton; Mrs. Adjt. Williams, Halifax I.; Adjt. Cave, Capt. Tatam, Springhill; Sgt. Lyons, Fredericton.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Glen, North Head; C.-C. Coulthard, Yarmouth; Mrs. Ensign Lorimer, Woodstock; Lieut. McMasters, Stellarton; Harry Smith, St. George's.

70 and Over.—Sergt. Jones, Halifax I.; Ensign Green, Sydney; Capt. Payne, Houlton; Lieut. Whalen, Newcastle; Sergt. McQueen, Moncton; Ensign Campbell, Amherst; Capt. Smith, St. John II.; W. M. Jennings, St. George's.

60 and Over.—Capt. Crowell, Dominion; Sergt. James, Halifax II.; Capt. Porsey, St. John V.; Robt. Reid, St. John I.; Capt. Netting, Westville; Lieut. Waters, Calais; Capt. Hardwick, Parrsboro; Capt. McLennan, Yarmouth; Sergt. Doyle, Halifax IV.; Lieut. McAmmond, Somerset; Capt. Holden, St. George's.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Brewer, Carleton; Evelyn Worth, Charlottetown; Capt. Wyatt, Loyal, Glengary, Dublin, and Jays; Capt. Stevens, Lieut. Bassano; Capt. Clark's Harbor; Eile Codros, Halifax I.; Lizzie Powers, New Glasgow; Capt. March, Lieut. Gratto, Summerside; Mrs. Capt. Haugen, Bridgetown; Lieut. Greenshade, Reserve; Lieut. Townsend, Sydney; Mrs. Ensign Carter, Moncton; Mrs. Capt. Armstrong, Capt. Armstrong, Dartmouth; Lieut. Wyld, Annandale; Adjt. Knight, Yarmouth; Lieut. Jones, St. Stephen.

40 and Over.—Ensign Parsons, Lieut. Barnard, Chatham; Treas. Brown, Sergt. Hodgson, Halifax II.; Treas. Mercer, St. John V.; Joseph McKay, Halifax I.; Capt. Mustart, New Glasgow; Capt. Hamilton, Calais; Mrs. Carter, Amherst; Capt. Hargroves, Parrsboro; Sergt. G. Nix, B. Sharples, Windsor, N.B.; Capt. McPhee, New Glasgow; Capt. Webb; Sergt. W. C. Cullen, New Sydney; Ensign Hudson, New Glasgow; Lieut. Fred Watts, Port Hood; Capt. W. White, Lieut. Spock, Lunenburg; Capt. White, Lieut. Falle, Bridgewater; Capt. Fraser, Lieut. Veinot, Sackville; Capt. Strother, North Head; Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton; Capt. Crossman, Lieut. Smith, Fairville; Lieut. Jane, Inverness; Lieut. Berry, Somerset.

20 and Over.—Capt. Cogswell, Carleton; Sergt. England, Chatham; Capt. Cowan, Lotte Way, Charlottetown; C.-C. Forbes, St. John V.; Robbie Leadbetter, Westville; Sergt. Huck, N. Sydney; Captain Richards, Lieut. E. McWilliams, Hillsboro; Ensign Lorimer, Beatrice Little, Woodstock; Capt. Melkie, Stellarton; Capt. Conrad, Lieut. White, Cannings; Capt. Kenney, Lieut. Bruce, Bear River; Captain Wentley, Annapolis; Mrs. Vemot, Yarmouth; Capt. Lebars, St. Stephen.

East Ontario Province.
85 Hustlers.

Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	256
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa	216
Lieut. Brown, Burlington	150
S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa	130
Adjt. Smith, Quebec	120
Rogers, Montreal	120
Slater, Sherbrooke	115

Lieut. Hodges, Pembroke 107
Lieut. Nelson, Newport 100
Adjt. Habibek, Kingston 100
Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Deseronto 100

90 and Over.—E. C. N. Pollett, Kingston; Ensign Crego, Picton; Capt. Matthews, Arnprior.

80 and Over.—Capt. Clark, Cornwall.

70 and Over.—Lieut. Cole, Prescott; Lieut. Slater, Capt. Gates, Port Hope; Sergt. Mrs. Raymo, Barrie.

60 and Over.—Capt. Oldford, Kingston; Mrs. Cochran, Belleville; Sergt. Welsh, Burlington; Capt. Ash, Gilmour, Galt, Galt, Peterborough; Capt. Crawford, Lieut. Foley, Napanee; Ensign Gammidge, Kempton; Sister Arnold, Ogdensburg.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Brouse, Kingston; Lieut. Lowrie, S. M. Turner, Brockville; Sergt. Russell, Montreal I.; Staff-Capt. McNamara, Peterboro; Capt. Hicks, Lieut. Fulford, Cobourg; Mrs. Ensign McDonald, Campbellford; Lieut. Phillips, Smith's Falls.

40 and Over.—S. M. Harbour, Ottawa; Sergt. Hodge, Adjt. Hill, Sergt. Smith, Montreal; Capt. Capt. Young, Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro; Lieut. Carpenter, Gananoque; Ensign McDonald, Campbellford; Sister Wales, Ogdensburg; Annie Snyder, Sister Seaman, Smith's Falls; Lieut. Osmond, Capt. Lang, Trenton.

30 and Over.—Marcus Clark, Platon; Mrs. Capt. Clark, Sister Gallinger, Cornwall; Lizzie White, W. Goodale, Montreal II.; Mrs. Ensign White, Bushey, Odessa.

20 and Over.—Capt. Miller, Prescott; C. C. Gates, Kingston; Mrs. Crego, See Jewell, Sergt. Penn, Ida Tattersall, Ploton; Mrs. Cross, Cornwall; Adjt. Newman, Lizzie Trueblood, Belleville; Sergt. Peterson, Montreal I.; Sergt. Hippner, S. M. Marshall, Sister Warner, Montreal II.; Adjt. Jordan, Capt. Jordan, Thorne, Mrs. H. Green, Peterboro; H. Howard, Tweed; Capt. Rose, Pembroke; Trans. Halpenby, Sister Wilde, Smith's Falls; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Miss Gilliam, Renfrew; Steven Stanzell, Carleton Place.

Central Ontario Province.
81 Hustlers.

Capt. Oke, Sudbury 175
Lieut. Hanna, St. Catharines 125

P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott 102

Capt. Baird, St. Catharines 100

Sergt. A. Andrews, Temple 100

70 and Over.—S. M. Jones, Huntsville; Lieut. Varnell, Soo, Ont.; M. Crocker, Sturgeon Falls; Capt. R. H. Jackson, Orillia; Capt. J. W. Johnson, Orillia.

60 and Over.—Father Miles, Barrie; Capt. and Mrs. Colvert, Orillia; Mrs. Moore, Bro. Porter, Riverside.

50 and Over.—Capt. Currell, Brampton; Ensign C. Stephen, Gravenhurst; Lieut. A. Wellholt, Aurora; Capt. Andrews, Lieut. Pease, Collingwood; Captain Lamb, Burk's Falls; Adjt. Scott, Capt. Griffith, Midland; Mrs. Ibbotson, Lieut. Adams, Sergt. M. Andrews, Temple; Lieut. Langdon, Capt. Jago, Meaford.

40 and Over.—Mrs. Adjt. Parsons, Lindsay; Sergt. McNaney, Soo, Ont.; Capt. May, Stephens, Lieut. Carrie Brass, Fenelon Falls; Nellie Richards, Lindsay; Ensign McCann, Capt. Dauberville, Barrie; Capt. Quiffle, Klimont; Capt. Pynn, Mrs. Bliss, Esther St.; Capt. Fisher, Lieut. Pascoe, Orangeville; Capt. Dunlop, Lieut. New Yorkville; Lieut. Plummer, Orillia.

30 and Over.—Capt. E. Mender, Lieut. B. Shepard, Michigan Soo; Capt. Porter, Capt. Bone, Newm., Sergt. Er. Freeman, Sergt. St. Germaine, Lippincott; Mrs. Stacey, Temple; Lieut. Hurd, Doovercourt; Ensign Culbert, Lieut. Hudgins, Parry Sound; Treas. Moffit, Huron, Burks Falls; Capt. J. Marshall, Little Current; Sergt. Cowles, Ossawa; Sergt. Burden, Michigan Soo; Lieut. Bowes, Bala, Uxbridge; Mrs. Craver, English Banks, Bala, Orillia.

20 and Over.—Mrs. Cornelius, Esther St.; Sergt. F. Gibson, Bowmanville; Sergt. L. Irwin, Lippincott; Mrs. Ensign Holderness, Huntsville; Mrs. Fullbrook, Barrie; C.-C. Bullock, Burks Falls; S.-M. Campbell, Capt. T. J. Meeks, Chesley; Lieut. Clark, Brookville; Capt. Minns, Lieut. Warren, Omeme; Lieut. Jordan, David, Capt. Bond, Soo, Ont.; Adjt. Furzon, Ero, R. Holz, Lindsay; Sergt. Wingate, Temple; Capt. Porter, Riverside.

West Ontario Province.
70 Hustlers.

Capt. Lightbourne, Brantford 207

Sgt. Staff-Capt. Perry, London 187

Sister Chaterine, Petrolia 180

Capt. G. E. Thomas, Galt 170

Mrs. Ensign LeCoq, Sarnia 124

Mrs. Henn, Wallaceburg 116

Lieut. Beckingham, Stratford 106

Ensign Wilson, Leamington 106

Sergt.-Major Bryden, Windsor 106

Mrs. A. S. Shaw, Galt 100

Capt. Glass, Simcoe 100

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock 100

90 and Over.—Capt. Fenney, Tillsonburg; Mrs. Capt. Burton, Woodstock.

80 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; Ensign Hancock, St. Thomas; Sister Crawford, Paris; Lieut. Thompson, Guelph; Ensign Breault, Brantford; Capt. Kitchen, Norwell.

70 and Over.—Capt. Jones, Chatham; Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; Capt. Smith, Goderich; Capt. Thorpe, Sarnia; Capt. Chisholm, Hespeler; Capt. Horwood, Stratford.

60 and Over.—Mrs. Russell, London; Staff-Capt.

Desbray, Chatham; Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Listowel; Lieut. Hippern, Wingham; Sister Wakefield, Forest; 50 and Over.—Sergt.-Major Norbury, London; Adjt. Cameron, Petrolia; Capt. Patten, Lieut. Setter, Clinton; Mrs. R. Gooding, Galt; Lieut. Brown, Essex; Capt. McColl, Watford; Capt. Young, Bothwell; Sergt. Mrs. Dawson, Guelph; Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg; Sergt.-Major Smith, Aylmer; Lieut. Stover, Captain Patten, Kingsville.

40 and Over.—Staff-Capt. Perry, London; Captain Green, Palmerston; Sergt.-Major Cutting, Essex; Capt. H. C. Cook, Chatham; Capt. C. P. Fletcher, Ridgeway; Capt. Mrs. Haudling, Brantford; 30 and Over.—Ensign Grego, Wingham; Capt. Fyfe Simcoe; Mrs. Lamb, Stratford; Capt. Richardson, Lieut. Burrows, Blenheim.

20 and Over.—Sergt. Mrs. Wright, Petrolia; Ruth and Grace Green, Palmerston; Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter; P. S.-M. Virtue, Corps-Cader Thompson, Sister Hathaway, Windsor; Ensign Dowell, Listowel; Lieut. Duncan, Dresden; P. S.-M. Gilders, Ida Masterson, Hespeler; Lieut. Boyd, Theford; Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock.

North-West Province.

33 Hustlers.

Lieut. Keeler, Winnipeg 238
Capt. Horrook, Calgary 196
S.-M. Landrum, Winnipeg 149

Lieut. Allard, Don's Lake 100

Lieut. Pollitt, Leithbridge 109

C.-C. Pollitt, Medicine Hat 109

80 and Over.—Ensign Southall, Port Arthur; Lieut. Harris, Rat Portage; Staff-Capt. Ayre, Brandon; Ensign Hall, Fort William.

70 and Over.—Sister Gray, Sister Wilson, Sister Collins, Winnipeg.

60 and Over.—Ensign Charlton, Captain Pearce, Grand Forks.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Eastman, Jamestown; Lieut. Karns, Grafton.

40 and Over.—Capt. Bauson, Capt. Lenwick, Moose Jaw; Mrs. Capt. Simon, Selkirk; Capt. Penny, Brandon; Capt. Shiel, Stony Lake; Capt. Hardy, Bismarck; Mrs. Steele, Moosomin.

30 and Over.—Adjt. Hayes, Jamestown; Nellie Rogers, Sergt. Chapman, Birdie Lyons, Winnipeg; Lieut. McCallum, Lieut. Sundin, Larimore; Capt. Bristol, Newnawka.

20 and Over.—Capt. Elliott, Neepawa; Ernest Hugburg, Minot; Capt. Livingston, Dauphin; Sister Bryan, Sister Adams, Winnipeg; Lieut. King, Val-d'Or City; Capt. Davey, Lieut. Ole, Carberry.

Territorial Training College.

22 Hustlers.

Cadet Morris, 95; Cadet Woodhouse, 71; Cadet Thompson, 55; Cadet Kelly, 52; Cadet Matier, 42;

Cadet Clark, 40; Cadet Johnson, 38; Cadet Robinson, 33; Cadet Wadde, 35; Cadet Simpson, 33; Cadet Bond, 34; Cadet Harris, 30; Cadet Taylor, 30; Cadet Kelle, 26; Cadet Cade, 28; Cadet Vincent, 26; Cadet Morris, 25; Cadet Chalmers, 24; Cadet Andrews, 23; Cadet Moore, 22; Cadet Haggarty, 21; Cadet Osborne, 22; Cadet Stimers, 20.

Pacific Province.

17 Hustlers.

Sister Wright, Helena 180

Capt. Papasch, Nelson 112

Lieut. Davison, Whatcom 111

Capt. Trans, Spokane 100

80 and Over.—Adj. Blackburn, Rosedale.

70 and Over.—Miss Mildred Adkins, Billings.

60 and Over.—Capt. Huskinson, Lieut. Knudson, Lewiston.

40 and Over.—Adj. Dunn, Nelson; Sister Holton, Whatcom; Capt. McDonald, Billings.

30 and Over.—Adj. Larder, Mrs. Adj. Larder, Everett.

20 and Over.—Mrs. Hayes, Mt. Vernon; Bro. Britt, Billings.

10 and Over.—C. C. Gunton, Nelson; Lieut. Rickard, Billings.

Indian Mission.

2 Hustlers.

70 and Over.—Adjt. Smith.

20 and Over.—Mrs. Tom Wrangell.

FACTS THAT COMFORT.

A young woman who had passed through deep sorrow said to a friend one day, in speaking of the comfort certain persons had given her unconsciously:

"I wish some people knew just how much their faces comforted me. I often ride down to the city in the evenings with my father, and when it is dark such a help is to sit next to him. There is something so good and strong and kind about him. It has been a comfort just to feel he was beside me. Sometimes, when I have been utterly oppressed and discouraged, he has seemed somehow to know just the right word to say to me; but if he didn't talk, why just looked at his face, and that helped me. He probably has not the least idea of it, either. I know him so slightly, and I don't suppose people half realize how much they are helping or hindering others!"

There is a good deal of this unconscious kindness in the world. Moses wist not that his face shone. The best people are not aware of their goodness. According to the old legend, it was only when it fell that the world could not see it, that the saintly man's shadow became sick.

This is a parable. Goodness that is aware of itself has lost much of its charm. Kindness that is done unconsciously means the most.

People with chest complaints are recommended by medical men to read aloud, as this strengthens throat, lungs, and chest muscles alike. The reading should be deliberate and the enunciation clear, the body held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest will have free play.

A lecturer at Guy's Hospital once advised, in the case of pulmonary disease, cold, dry, vegetable substance, the pouring of a stream of water from some elevation upon the head and spine of the patient. This, it is claimed, saved many lives.



THE CARE OF THE SICK.—(Continued.)

The importance of a good supply of pure air is not nearly so well appreciated generally as is the necessity for free supplies of pure water.

Mankind has ever sought to get clear and sparkling water, and objects to it if its smell be unsavory; but there is another water, the atmosphere, which he has remained until recently, profoundly ignorant of.

The curious relations of cholera to water supply furnish a case in point. In one outbreak in London thirty-seven per ten thousand of those who drank water from the Thames above the city died; but one hundred and thirty per ten thousand of those who drank water from below the city died.

How an unbroken chain of evidence that a constantly impure water supply leaves the system less equal to resist an epidemic form of disease.

It is not that water is often the direct cause of disease, as typhoid fever, but it is commonly a cause

of a gradual steady deterioration of the health, which is increased by the inability of the system to withstand the strain of some acute intercurrent disease.

Closely connected with our water supply is our sewerage. We know that many outbreaks of disease are occasioned by our water carriage of sewerage.

Disinfection.—The object of disinfection is two-fold. First, to destroy noxious odors, that is, to deodorize or scented to destroy poisonous principles which are capable of inducing disease, that is, to disinfect in the proper sense of the word.

These two processes are not always identical—that is, we may remove all unpleasant odors without destroying the noxious substances which induce disease.

Most agents which are used for disinfection, however, are capable of both deodorizing and disinfecting.

For a caramel filling for cakes boil a cupful of brown sugar in half a cupful of boiling water until threads. Beat the white of an egg until stiff, and add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of flavoring. Pour the boiling syrup over the egg and cream, and stir in a bowl until it hardens.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe believed, and as far as possible, avoid wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address communications to the Commissioner of Missing Persons, Toronto, enclosing a small envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of twenty-five cents will be made. Persons who have lost relatives and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about person advertised for.

First Insertion.

4462. HAMILTON, WILLIAM. Age about 35 years, baker by trade. Was a Lieutenant in the Salvation Army from 1890 to 1892. Was last in the Social Work in Montreal.

4463. HOULT, CHARLES ERNEST (alias Frank Burton). Age 26, height 5 ft. 2 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, has a speck in left eye, birthmark under chin. Was known to be in Toronto in October, 1903. May have gone to Klondike.

4465. DEAN, WILLARD. Age about 36 years, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard of at Belleville, Ont., ten years ago.

4466. DEAN, EDWARD. Age 22 years, fay hair, blue eyes. Last heard of at Belleville, Ont., ten years ago.

4467. GIBSON, ELIZA, who left County Down, Ireland, fifty-six years ago, for Brookville, Ont., in company with her grandmother and uncle. Left there a short time afterwards, and is supposed to have gone to Syracuse, N.Y. Of JOHN GIBSON, who left Belleville, Ont., at the same time, for Rochester, N.Y.



4467. TIEW, JOSEPH. Age 19 years, height 5 feet, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, English nationality. Was employed on the cattle boat "American" which belonged to Montreal.

4468. FARREH, JOSEPH. Age 18, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark complexion, black eyes, weight 150 lbs. An Assyrian by birth. When last heard of he was at Joliette, N.D.

4469. MCGIBBON, DAVID. Age 55, fair complexion, heavy moustache, height 6 ft., very stout. When last worn a peak cap, dark tweed suit, and dark reefer. Was a fireman in the Toronto Waterworks.

4470. CHURCHILL, GEORGE ROBERT (alias Harry Warden). Age 33, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair and complexion, pale blue eyes. It is thought he may have sailed from Liverpool in the S.S. Lake Erie, on March 29th, and is most likely in Canada.

Second Insertion.

4463. CONNER, AYLMER. Age 24 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, has lost part of his third finger, book-keeper. Last heard of at Bakerfield, Cal. May have gone to the Northwestern States, or to the Klondike.

4464. LARSEN, NIELS PETER. Age 42 years; native of Hobro, Denmark; stonemason by trade. Last known address Louise Bridge, Winnipeg, Man.

4465. McCARTNEY, NORA. Irish descent, came to Canada twenty years ago. When last heard of was dining-room girl at the Rossin House, Toronto; or her brother, Jno. McCartney, aged 35 or 40 years; came to Canada nineteen years ago, and kept a hotel at Thorold, Ont.



4466. DRISCOLL, MRS. GEORGE (nee Catherine McCrindle). Her husband, George Driscoll, was at one time cook at the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, and afterwards held the same position at London, Ont. Asylum. Any information gratefully received.

4467. HARDCASTLE, GRAINGER. Age 34, height 5 ft. 10 in., rather slim, inclined to be stooped, brown hair and eyes, accountant, native of Timaru, New Zealand. Left Durban, South Africa, for Canada in June, 1903.

4468. GETTS, GARDO FRANKLIN. Left Devil's Lake, North Dakota, November, 1903. Was last heard from at Rat Portage, Ont., January 11th, 1904, and was supposed to have gone to Toronto, American Cry please copy.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

OFFICERS, soldiers, and others, who have occasion to travel by rail or water, before making arrangements for your trip, or purchasing your tickets, don't forget that we have facilities for handling all lines of transportation. We act as Agents for Steamship Lines, etc. It will be to your advantage to write the Secretary, Transportation Department, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE.

Cermet For Sale. Apply Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. Price \$10.

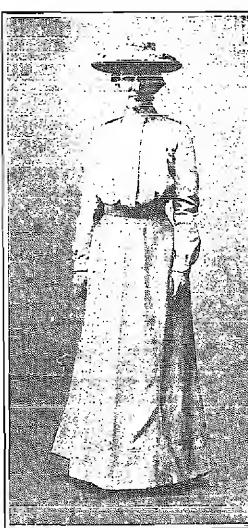
A Forty-Keyed Joffries Concertina. Write c/o Staff-Capt. F. Morris, S. A. Headquarters, Toronto.

Largo Bass Viol. Cheap. Apply to Adj. Bross, Guelph, Ont.

Don't Doubt. Summer is Coming!

The Hot Days Will Soon Be Here.

A DANDY UNIFORM FOR WOMEN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.



How you've sighed in days gone by for a LIGHT, COOL SUMMER UNIFORM! We have struck THE thing. It is a fawn-colored imitation voile. Nobody need backslide because this material is decidedly in the fashion just now. It is a fine, open material, with soft, silk-like finish, and does not crumple, nor requiring starch when laundered. Everyone who has seen it pronounces it just the thing.



The Commissioner has passed this for the Summer Uniform, and none other (except the regulation blue) will be allowed. We can get this material from only one firm in the city, and they get it as a special

make from one mill in the States. It will, therefore, be necessary for all orders to be sent direct.

The Uniform is made as follows: Norfolk Blouse with three straps stitched on back and front. Skirt is five or seven gored, made long enough to face up, and finished with three or four rows of stitching.

The price is 27 cents per yard, 27 inches wide, 10 yards being required for dress, making the cost for material

ONLY \$2.70.

(Postage or Expressage extra.)

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE.

Owing to the heavy demands upon the International Trade Headquarters, in view of the coming Congress, it has been difficult to get our orders filled promptly, and our shipment of Summer Hats has been delayed. We are expecting them, however, by about the time this appears in print.

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. TEMPLE, TORONTO, ONT.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

TRUST IN GOD.

Tune.—I'm Happy in Jesus To-day.
The world with its pleasures will fail
Your soul from its load to relieve.
Let the birds of song sing their strain,
There speak if on Him you'll believe.
In His Word there's a promise for you;
His blood for thy cleansing doth flow;
To weary one, "Come unto Me,"
And peace of soul you shall know.

Chorus.

Oh, "Come unto Me," hear Him say:
"My blood for thy cleansing doth flow."
Thy strength shall be thy day,
And peace of soul you shall know.

Now the conquering Saviour is here.
He offers to save all complete;
His message will you now not hear,
And lay yourself low at His feet?
Then cast upon me the day,
In the day when in trouble you'll be.
In deliverance I'll more than repay,
And that shall glorify Me.

Let not your heart have a fear;
The world I have quite overthrown;
Though dark the clouds may appear,
You, too, shall a conqueror become.
To the forward march to the fray,
With the Gospel, armor all on;
Fear not but only obey.
And you shall a conqueror become."

Capt. Albert Burton, Revelstoke, B.C.

ARE YOU WASHED?

Tune.—Are You Washed? (N.E.B. 207).
2 Have you been to Jesus
For the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting?
In His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Chorus.

Are you washed in the blood?
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily
By the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment
In the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh
Will your robes be white?
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready
For the mansion so bright?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

PARDON.

Tune.—Living Beneath the Shade (N.E.B. 248).

3 If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
Look up to Jesus, who died on the tree
To purchase a full salvation.

Chorus.

If you want boldness, take part in the fight;
If you want purity, walk in the light;
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want holiness, cling to the cross,
Counting the riches of earth as dross;
At His feet you'll be cleansed and made free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

RESTIN' IN HIS LOVE.

By Sister Vannet, Fargo, N.D.
Tune.—Comin' Thru the Rye.
4 Ika Christian has their comforts,
Ne'er a sin has they done,
But the Saviour led me dearly,
He left His name on high,
He left His Father's home aboon
To save lost ones like me,
An' to this sinful warl' can doon
An' deed to set me free.

I'm restin' in His love th' noo,
How shin' and out an',
Th' bairns that trust His Father's care
He will no leave alone.

For well I ken He'll ca' me some
Frat this dark wark o' night,
Up to His bonnie name aboon,
Yon gladsome lurn o' light.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Tune.—Annie Leslie; or, Death is Coming (N.E.B. 131).

5 From the heights of endless glory
To earth's sin and shame,
Jesus came so meek and lowly,
Pardon to proclaim.

Chorus.

Wondrous, wondrous love of Jesus!
Everlasting, still, and free!
From the power of sin He frees us,
Gives us liberty.

Love's pure ocean still is boundless,
Yet there's more and more;
Who can prove its depths, its fulness,
Breadth and lengths explore.

Launch'd upon its swiftest currents,
Brave, its fair wives,
Plunge before its depths in earnest
Rise to tell "He saves."

Earth's best shame and heaven's glory,
Wondrous love of God!
Raise the standard tell the story—
Life through Jesus' blood.

Ensign A. Rowan, Brockville, Ont.

FATHER, FORGIVE.

Tune.—For You I am Praying (N.E.B. 207).

6 Since the Saviour is waiting now to save you
Although you are sinful and black as can be,
Oh, come to the fountain, there's cleansing soul-washing.

He's ready and willing to set your soul free.

For you I am praying, etc.

Oh, come while He's calling, do heed now His warning,
For time is swift flying, and life is but short.
Doubt not a moment, accept His atonement,
And take this salvation which for you He's bought.

Oh, why will you linger? Although such a sinner

He says, "Whosoever" Hell not turn away.

His grace like a river, is flowing for ever;

Oh, plunge in its waters, He'll save you to-day.

Another Look at the Cross.

Words and Music by R. L. Werry.

There is one above, looking down in love,
On a world deep sunk in sin;
And I hear Him call to His children all:
"Who will go and bring the lost ones in?"

There's a hand stretched out to the soul in doubt,
And it saves from sin and woe;
In His riven side is a fountain wide,
Where the vilest of the vile may go.

Oh, the bitter cries, and the longing eyes,
That we daily hear and see;
For our love they plead, and our help they need.
Shall we savours of the lost ones be?

Oh, the joy to stand on the golden strand,
Right before the great White Throne;
There to meet some soul we have helped to the goal,
And to hear the Saviour say, "Well done!"

But if you reject Him and still will neglect Him,
The time will soon come when your chance will be
over!
Death knows no relenting, in hell no reversing,
When Christ stands to judge you, your Saviour no
more.

C. W. McGee.

TO BE THERE.

Tune.—Realms of the Blest (N.E.B. 110).

We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess,
But what must it be to be there!

Chorus.

To be there, to be there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there, to be there!
Oh, what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so fair,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without end within,
But what must it be to be there!

Do Thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For Heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

HAPPY DAY.

Tune.—Oh, Happy Day (N.E.B. 11).

8 I never shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away.
I was enslaved, but Jesus saved,
And free from sin my soul was mad.

Chorus.

Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to wash and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!

or, hell's dark brink in sore dismay.
There's sin condemned, I trembling lay;
But on that day I heard Him say,
"My blood can wash thy sins away."

Come, all ye sin-sick souls draw near.
By faith to Christ: He now is here:
This is your day, why, why, delay?
His blood now washes sins away.

Coming Events.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH,
Accompanied by Adj't. Thorlkilson and the Indian Congress Contingent, will visit the following places with his Stereopticon Lectures: "The Red Man"—Calgary, Sat. and Sun., May 21, 22; Medicine Hat, Mon., May 23; Lethbridge, Tues., May 24; Portage la Prairie, Thurs., May 26; Port Arthur, Sat. and Sun., May 28, 29; Fort William, Mon., May 30; North Bay, Wed., June 1.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE,
Will visit Uxbridge, Sat. and Sun., May 21, 22; Dundas, Wed., May 23; Hamilton L. Thurs., May 24; Bowmanville, Sat. and Sun., May 25, 26; Dovercourt, Mon. to Thurs. (inclusive), May 30 to June 1.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON and CAPT. DEBOW,
Will visit Barrie, Thurs., to Mon. (inclusive), May 19 to 23; Dorval, Thurs., May 26, to June 2 (inclusive).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edwards—Sunderby, May 21, 22; Gananoque, May 22, 24; Brockville, May 23, 25; Prescott, May 27; Ogdensburg, May 29; Morrisburg, May 30; Cornwall, June 1, 2; Montreal I.L., June 3, 4, 5; Ensign Leadley—Campbellton, May 21, 22; Fredericton, May 23, 24; Chatham, May 25, 26; Moncton, May 28, 29; Hillsboro, May 31; Sussex, June 1; St. John I.L., June 2; Carlton, June 3; St. John II.L., June 3; Fairville, June 4.

Ensign Mercer—Bismarck, May 21, 22; Jamestown, May 23, 24; Valley City, May 25; Moorhead, May 26; Fargo, May 27; Grand Forks, May 28, 29; Larimore, May 30; Glendale, June 1, 2; Fort William, June 10, 11, 12; Rat Portage, June 14, 15, 16; Selkirk, June 17, 18, 19.

